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The Demagogue, by D R Locke

CHAPTER XVI.

THE NEXT ROCK UPON WHICH MASON'S SHIP WAS STEERING.

No cessation was made in the efforts of the enemies of Mr. Mason to bring his official and public career to an end. It was not only the active work of Dr. Blanchard and his confreres, who, either with or without cause, distrusted Caleb Mason, but there was a large and growing party in the district which opposed him, either openly or secretly. Mr. Mason had ruled the district with a rod of iron, and there were those who had bent to his sway without open murmur, but who, in their soul of souls, resented it. Control of patronage is a sword without a hilt; it as often cuts the hand that wields it as the object it is aimed at.

Especially had Mason exposed himself to danger from the disappointed ones; for, after his second election, he had used his organization in matters other than the disposal of the federal patronage. His finger was in every pie in the five counties of the district. The nominations for all the offices, down to the lowest ones in the townships, were made in the postmaster's room in Pulaski, which were his headquarters. Did Busbey, of Defiance, crave the auditorship? Busbey was brought into the ring with the great Mason lasso about his horns, and he was questioned as to how it happened that his township sent anti-Mason delegates to the last county convention? And Busbey was required to purge himself of his grievous sin before he could be permitted to have his name mentioned in the county convention. For be it understood that the delegates to the county convention were, by a large majority, Mason's friends; and fidelity to Mason was counted as the one thing that entitled a man to consideration, and nothing else.

This was all very well, so far as the building up of an army goes; but unfortunately, while one man is satisfied and becomes a valiant soldier in the service of the dispenser, there are a dozen equally in want of place who are not provided for, and who see the shortest road to promotion in revolt. Patronage would be a blessed thing for a politician if he only had enough of it to give each of his friends the place he wants. If a general could only offer captaincies to all of his recruits!

The opposition had been growing for four years, and it had become too formidable for comfort. There was a strong feeling in the Republican ranks, when the time for the nominating convention of 1864 drew near, in favor of shelving Mason, and a good Republican, with a clean record, named Morrison, was in the field against him. How the machine Mr. Mason had constructed was worked to prevent Morrison from receiving it, may be judged from one single instance.

Mr. Mason was in the private office, the sanctum sanctorum, of the postmaster of Pulaski. Pursuant—not to orders, for Mr. Mason never gave orders—but to a tacit understanding, there lay on the table a number of letters—some received by the last mail, and others just dropped into the box to be sent out by the next mail to the various addresses they bore.

What were in these letters none knew but the writers. There were none of them love letters; no letters from mothers to sons, or from brothers to sisters. With this sort of correspondence Mr. Mason had no concern. He left fathers and mothers, lovers and brothers and sisters, a long way behind him, on the rugged road he was traveling. The letters so conveniently placed before him were from men to men, and he knew by the hand-writing the sender or the receiver of each.

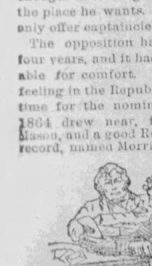
One attracted his attention particularly, not only because he knew the hand-writing of the address, but because he had an especial interest in the party to whom it was addressed. It was to Mr. John Atkins, Pultney, and the address was in the hand-writing of Dr. Blanchard.

Stepping to a little closet, he brought out a common clay pipe. In a moment more he put a little pot upon the fire, and in a few minutes a cloud of human vapor was issuing from the pot. Holding the back of the letter over the steam in a few minutes the mucilage was dissolved, the round smooth pipe-stem opened the flap, and the letter was open before him. It was very short. This was all:

DEAR ATKINS:—I will find the money to pay off the mortgage. But remember the conditions. I will bring it to you myself, Thursday.

BLANCHARD.

"Thursday!" said Mr. Mason to himself. "I know the mortgage is $2,000 on his farm, and it is due very soon. Perkins holds it, and Perkins must have the money. Atkins can't raise it. The condition is, to bring in Pultney township for Morrison (who was his competitor for the nomination), and Atkins can't do it. Thursday! Mr. Atkins's farm shall be released, and the mortgage go over into other hands, but they will not be Dr. Blanchard's."



THE LETTER WAS OPEN BEFORE HIM.

And re-sealing the letter, which was done so deftly that it could not be detected, Mr. Mason called the postmaster and said:

"I don't care about the rest of these—but this one to Atkins hold over one mail."

"Mason, we shall be caught at this one of these days!"

"I don't see how. You are not going to confess yourself guilty of tampering with the mails, and I shall certainly not denounce you. Who else can? Don't get nervous! There are other and better places than this!"

And Caleb Mason walked briskly on toward Crefeld's bank, and lost no time in penetrating the interior of that institution. Mr. Crefeld was sitting alone, but was not surprised at Mason's entrance.

"Crefeld, put on your coat immediately, go up to Perkins, and buy a mortgage he holds upon Atkins, of Pultney, for $2,000. No matter what you pay, buy it; only, of course, don't be in too much of a hurry, so as to excite his suspicions."

"Grashus fadder, Mischer Mason! I can't pay dot mortigage, nor nodding! Ve hein't life tousand tollars in der vault, and I must haf dot money to-morrow to need der scheeks vich must come in to-tay!"

"It doesn't matter about money. Go at once and secure that mortgage. How much money will you want to tide you over to-day?"

"Not lesh dan $5,000. It is terrible."

"I will be here with $7,000 by the time you are back, but get that mortgage!"

Mr. Mason left the bank and wended his way to the court house, while Mr. Crefeld went up to Perkins's shop.

At the court house Mr. Harvey was in his office, which he left and went back to the private room. The most of Mr. Mason's business had to be done in private rooms.

"Harvey, I want $7,000 immediately."

"Mason, do you know the amount we owe the treasury this minute?"

"Yes, to a cent! We—that is, the present syndicate—owe it exactly $53,000, which, with the $7,000 I must have to-day, makes it $60,000. What Jack drew out before and lost amounts to something more than that."

"How long is this to go on? Or, rather, how long can it go on?"

"It can't go on much longer, nor will it. We must sell property and realize. I don't like to sell now, for the boom is on, but hasn't got to its height yet, ami—"

"And if we begin to sell, it will excite suspicion, and the market will go back on us."

"That is it exactly; but we must, nevertheless."

"What do you want this money for?"

"Five thousand dollars to carry Crefeld through till he can turn, and $2,000 to buy a mortgage on a farm of Pultney."

Mr. Harvey did not need to be informed as to the point in either case. He merely went to the county safe and took out seven packages of money, each marked $1,000, and handed them to Mason, who placed them in his inside overcoat pocket, and departed. He went directly to the bank, where he found Crefeld.

"Well" queried he.

"I her done it. I hef ze mortgage."

"Very good. Now, write Atkins a letter like this: Saying that in the way of the business the mortgage came into your hands, that as you need money very much to carry the wheat buyers, you will not be able to let it stand over, and that immediate payment will be required. And be sure and get the letter off at once, so that it will reach him in the morning."

"And zen vot vill happen?"

"Before 6 o'clock to-morrow Atkins will be here, and you had better let him, as he will not have the money; and you may recommend him to me."

The letter was written; Mr. Mason pronounced it good, and sent a special messenger to the postoffice to see it mailed. Then he walked out jauntily into the street, as cheery as though he had just elevated some being to the seventh heaven of happiness, instead of doing that which would bring some down from comparative happiness to abject misery. But he hadn't walked five minutes before he stopped suddenly. A thought had struck him.

"Heavens!" he said to himself, "I have overlooked one thing. No matter how acute a man is, he is never acute enough. There are always other just as acute as he is, and when struggling, it is simply chance that decides between the two. As smart as I thought I was, I have overlooked one thing. When Atkins gets Crefeld's letter, he will mount his white horse and ride in immediately, and will go straight to Dr. Blanchard. Dr. Blanchard will tell him of the letter he has written, which Atkins will not receive till the next morning, and will advance him the money; and I will have committed a felony for nothing. Atkins must not see Blanchard. But how to prevent it?"

The devil always helps his own, and Mr. Mason was certainly the devil's own. Raising his head from his reverie, he saw across the street a gentleman of his, the postmaster of a village some twelve miles distant—a man who knew but one law in this world, and that was Mason's will. A sudden inspiration struck him. He called him.

"Dan," said he, "How long does it take to ride from your house to town?"

"Two hours, if the horse is good, and the rider sufficiently drunk. It can be done in less time, but not very much."

"Dan, at 10 o'clock to-morrow—now, mind you, have your clocks all right—at 10 o'clock to-morrow you get sick; at 10 send a careful man to town for Dr. Blanchard. You understand me?"

"I follow you."

"If Dr. Blanchard is at home, have him go to you, no matter what the cost. Make any appearance of sickness when he comes, to keep him as long as possible; and then when you can keep him no longer, let him come home."

"Why—why, what fir——"

"Never mind; do what you are told. Ask no questions. Send for him at 10; he will come to you at about 2; keep him as long as possible, and let him come home. Say no word to anybody,—this is very important. Dr. Blanchard must not be in town till after 6 o'clock; mind that. Go now, keep sober, mind what I told you, and follow it to the letter."

Dan Phillips had had dealings too long with his astute leader, and owed him too much, in many ways, to dispute what he desired; and he departed. But he did linger a minute in front of Peters's grocery; then remembering Mason's injunction to keep sober, he passed it, though reluctantly—which was as great a compliment as was ever paid to Mr. Mason's power over him.

The next afternoon Crefeld's letter was in Atkins's hands. He had expected one from another source. The poor man was in a terrible situation. His farm, the land he had cleared by many years of painful labor, and which he had hoped to end his days upon, would be taken from him irrevocably, unless within three days he could raise $2,000; and where could he raise it? He had depended upon Dr. Blanchard, but had not heard from him; and Perkins, to save himself, had sold it to Crefeld. The latter must have due money, for the wheat crop must be moved, and money was always scarce at this time of the year.

Sorely distressed, he mounted his horse and rode to town. First he had determined to see Dr. Blanchard, but to his dismay the doctor was out of town, and would not be back till late at night.

Then he went to Crefeld, who had been directed to stay at the bank by its owner, Mr. Mason.

Crefeld was sorry for Mr. Atkins, but what could he do? The merchants must have money for the wheat, and he must take care of his customers. Could he not raise the money and get an extension? Try Mason! He sometimes had money.

"But I do not want to try Mason," replied Atkins to this suggestion. He had good reasons for not wanting to see that gentleman.

"I know of no other man in the town who has ready money," replied Crefeld. "And he is not a hard man; he knows you, and will serve you if he can."

Poor Atkins had nothing else for it. He drew a long sigh, and went to Mason, to whom he told his story.

"Is that all that bothers you, Atkins? It is nothing! I will go to Crefeld myself, and take up this mortgage."

"But how about interest, and what do I pay for it?"

"Nothing. It is bearing 10 per cent, I believe. That is as much as I want for my money. I will purchase the notes, and they can remain till you can turn around and pay it. No, I will not buy it. I will lend the money to Crefeld, and take the mortgage as collateral. Never fear, Atkins; I will protect you. It would be a burning shame for you to lose your farm, and be turned out, at your age. I like to do good—and get good interest."

This latter with a pleasant laugh, as though it was the interest, after all, that the kind, good man was after.

And so the matter was arranged. Mr. Mason went with him, the money was paid over, and Mr. Mason took the papers. And Mr. Atkins mounted his horse and rode homeward, pleased and sad at the same time.

"I must not support Morrison now," he said to himself. "It was Mason who helped me out, and he has the power to ruin me yet. Clearly, Mason must have Pultney. But I don't like it! Why don't Blanchard do as he agreed to?"

Mr. Mason smiled at Crefeld as he put back the papers in his private tin box.

"I think Atkins will take good care of me in Pultney!" was his thought.

When poor Atkins went the next morning he found at his postoffice the letter

"IT IS TERRIBLE!"

from Blanchard. Pious as he was, he swore a great oath, and then sighed again. "It is too late. The mortgage is in Mason's hands, and he must have the township."

And Mr. Blanchard was surprised when he came to know that Atkins had relief elsewhere, and that the township was being "put up" for Mason, but he could not help himself. He was not as old in small management as was Caleb Mason, and, besides, he had not the inside of the postoffice. Knowledge is power.

However, he met Atkins a few days after, and asked him angrily why he had not come to him, in pursuance of the letter he had written.

"I did go to find you, but you were out of town, and Crefeld told me to go to Mason. What else could I do?"

"Nothing," said Blanchard, "nothing. But I can yet help you to the money."

"It is of no use—I have it, and Mason has the mortgage."

"And Pultney?"

"I told the boys yesterday that we had better elect delegates for Mason, and our caucus was held last night. Doctor, God knows I am sorry! Why wasn't you home night before last?"

"Ah, why indeed!" said Dr. Blanchard, as he turned away.

And as he walked away, he pondered. His letter miscarried—who was it that took him out of town and kept him out till after it was too late in the matter of the mortgage? "D—nation!" sighed the poor doctor. "It was Dan Phillips, of course, and I am sorry! And he wasn't many more ill than I am! It was a put-up job, fool that I am! But a man is excusable for such misfortunes when he is contending with one who makes a business of perjury, murder and things of that kind. I stand no chance!"

And a convention, a majority of whose delegates were chosen through methods similar to those which had proved so effective in Pultney township, renominated Caleb Mason with a whoop. But Mr. Mason's Republican opponents set themselves to work again to compass his overthrow at the polls. The defeat of Stevens in 1862 had demonstrated the utter uselessness of attempting Mason's defeat by the nomination of an independent Republican, for Mr. Mason had too many good friends among the Democracy to make that work. It was decided that the thing to be done at this time was to nominate a Democrat with a war record—one who had suffered in the service and had won golden opinions by his unyielding loyalty to the Union.

The man was in readiness. Gen. Price, of Ottawa, had enlisted at the beginning of the war and had served with more than credit. He had risen from a captaincy in the 21st Ohio to the colonelcy of the 59th, and from that, by simple merit, to a brigadier-generalship. At the battle of Pea Ridge, Kansas Post, he led a charge in person, and through his gallantry had his right leg shot off and his body filled with rebel lead; and he was at the time at his home in Ottawa, recovering from his desperate wounds.

The general was a Democrat by inheritance, and remained a Democrat, although he had served so brilliantly against his former party associates, then in rebellion. He was a Democrat so far as slavery was concerned, and yet he was a supporter of the measures abolishing slavery. He believed that the South was right in its rebellion, because, with his party, he held to the holiness of slavery, and had always opposed all efforts to abolish it. He was in the army fighting against his former associates, because they were in rebellion against the flag. He was perfectly willing to see their negroes emancipated—not from any conviction that it was wrong to hold them as slaves, but because they were being used against the Union armies. He would set them free, precisely as he would have confiscated the Southern people's horses and hogs. As slaves he had nothing to do with them—as property, everything. On all other points, he was in full accord with his party, though at the time there were no other points to be considered.

Objectionable as he was to the "Copperhead" element, because of his taking up arms in what they held to be an unholy crusade against the South, he was still preferable to the Radical Mason, who was not only most religiously hated by them personally, but was especially hated as being the most conspicuous and the bitterest Republican in the House.

There was no trouble at all in making an alliance with the Republicans who had supported Stevens two years before; in fact, they made the advances. They said to the leaders of the Democracy: "You can support Gen. Price, because he is a Democrat; we can support him because he is a soldier and a war Democrat, and is not a demagogue. Nominate Price, and we will bring enough of the anti-Mason Republicans to elect him." It needed no urging to do this, for Mason had antagonized every Democrat in the district; and so prominent and so able was he, that every Democrat in the United States took an interest in his defeat.

The year before, the legislature of the state of Ohio had passed an act enabling the soldiers of the state to vote in the field. The law prescribed that at any post where a given number of Ohio soldiers were stationed, they might open polls, under regular formalities, and vote as their ward would were they at home, seal up their ballots, transmit them to their homes, and they should be counted the same as though the election had been held at home.

It was also provided that two judges of persons, to be appointed by the governor, one of each party, to ensure fairness, should be equipped with printed ballots, poll-books, and all that, and should be sent to each of these points, who should not as judges of the election.

General Stillman was in command of the department of Tennessee, and was, like Price, an ardent war Democrat. He hated Mason as the devil does holy water; besides, he was very anxious that the Democracy, should, as quickly as possible, return to power in his district, for he had his aspirations and ambitions. He hated Mason personally, and he had other equally potent reasons for desiring his defeat.

So, after Price was nominated by the Democracy, by and with the consent of the anti-Mason Republicans, Gen. Stillman came home to consult. The situation was something like this: The Democracy and the anti-Mason Republicans together could carry the district for Price on the home vote, by a majority of not less than eight hundred. Mason's friends conceded this. Therefore, the casting vote, as it were, was the vote of the soldiers in the field. How would they vote? Price was deservedly popular with them, for there never was a braver officer nor a kinder man to the troops under his command. He was known to every soldier from the Sixth district, and was beloved by them.

Gen. Stillman assured his friends that he would so manage it that every soldier in the field would vote for Price, and that they might stake their money upon this proposition.

"You take care of the vote at home! I don't care if Mason—d—n him!—carries the home vote; we have 2,500 soldiers from the district in the field, and I will beat him with them!"

And the confident general started back to the front, and he so ordered the disposition of the regiments from the Sixth district that he had every man of them together at Lavergne, Tennessee, all massed and so disposed that he could manipulate them to his liking. He, like Price, was very popular among the soldiers.

Mr. Mason, who knew every word that was spoken at these consultations, was very much amused at this piece of strategy. He smiled a smile, and told his friends to go out and plunder the Philistines by taking every bet that was offered; that he would be elected; and he advised, if they were slow in making offers, to give them odds.

Having got the troops together, Gen. Stillman came back to finish the work. His name was sent in to the governor as one of the commissioners of the district, and to everybody's surprise, Mr. Mason insisted that the appointment be made. This was about two weeks before the election. Gen. Stillman went to Columbus, got his commission and instructions, and the blanks and ballots, and with Major Beckwith, the commissioner appointed as the Republican representative, started for Lavergne. They reached Louisville, and went to the Galt House for a night's rest, intending to proceed to Lavergne in the morning.

Gen. Stillman rushed into Beckwith's room that evening, swearing terribly. He held in his hand a dispatch from the secretary of War, Mr. Stanton—an order directing him to remain in Louisville till further orders!

"But I can't stay here!" remarked the general, with a rush of profanity that was appalling. "I must be in Lavergne tomorrow, and must stay there till after the election!"

"You know best," replied Beckwith, trying hard to conceal a smile. "You must be your own judge as to the propriety of disobeying a War-office order."

This the general dared not do, and so he stayed. Maj. Beckwith went on alone, and reaching Lavergne, found—what?

General Stillman had massed the troops at Lavergne, and could not get to them to manipulate them. Who was doing this very important work? Why, Col. Kingsley, a man who had always been a firm supporter,—a man who, in fact, had been made a colonel for his devotion to Mason; Col. Bradley, another of the same kidney; and a hundred others, all with Mason's brand upon them, and as much devoted to Mason as Mason was to himself.

Had Stillman been there to have fought those men, he could have divided the vote, at least; but unopposed, Mason had it all his own way. Gen. Price was held up as a man who would, if elected, act with the Democracy, and Mason as the true patriot and soldier's friend. While Stillman was chafing himself into a fever in Louisville, Kingsley was working with the soldiers, and when the ballots were counted the vote was as follows:

Price's majority on the home vote.....	800
Mason's majority on the soldier vote...	1,800

And Mr. Mason, doomed to defeat, once more triumphed over his enemies, and was again representative from the Sixth district.

How little did that worldly-wise man, General Stillman, know of what other men knew, and that no other men would do! He had his scheme fixed and worked out in his own mind, down to the minutest detail. The beginning was in his mind, and the ending was perfectly clear in his mind; but he did not realize how many threads ran through the warp and woof of a fabric —how many interests there are in the world that would have to cross and re-cross, and how much there is to know that cannot be known even by the shrewdest.

Had Gen. Stillman known that the Administration considered it of importance to the great cause then trembling in the balance that the party should not be without the ability of Caleb Mason in Congress, he would have thought twice before he undertook to kill him off in this way, especially.

Then he would have known that precisely what Mr. Mason wanted would be to have him appointed as one of the commissioners; that he intended to have a massive vote polled in favor of the district in Lavergne or somewhere else; that his appointment as commissioner was precisely what Mr. Mason desired, because it put the commissioner under the control of the War department; and, Secretary Stanton having that power, that the general would never be permitted to reach the front at all, but that there were massed by the general, the only power capable of doing it, so as to make it perfectly easy for Mason's colonels and majors and captains to work at their own sweet will. In short, General Stillman, in his hate of Mason, had been doing Mason's work—a work which could not have been done at all by any one else.

This was the basis of Mason's confidence, and his henchmen, following his instructions implicitly, reaped a rich reward. Thousands upon thousands of dollars changed hands over this result, for the Price party were confident and gave odds. Major Starkweather actually indulged in a new suit of clothes, and really paid a tailor's account of some three years' standing.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SOME NAUTICAL JOKES.

THE VESSEL COULD ALMOST LAY HER COURSE.

Young Lady—What a lovely breeze, Mr. Servenmalet. How the Sweetheart does fly.

Jack—Aye, mum, she do be limpin' along some'at.

"Now, why do you say limping, Jack?"

"Because, mum, she's makin' of a long leg and a short un."

JACK HADN'T HAD A DROP.

Guest (after banquet on yacht)—I shay, Zhack, look down companion—hic. Zhat dinner a total wreck, ain hic?

"Aye, it's hogged."

A CALM RETORT.

Long, Smooth Wave—You're a lazy old girl.

Jaunty Clipper—Humph! You're a dead swell.

DEAD THINGS NEVER DO.

Backstay to Deadeye—Well, old fellow, why don't you cheer up and join in with the rest of us?

The Deadeye made no reply.

JACK WAS NOT PLEASED WITH HIS DUFF.

New Chaplain (anxious to get the lay of the land)—Ah, Jack, won't you tell me which is the toughest mess of the boys forward?

Jack Servenmalet—Sure, sir, go to the galley and ask the cook for the dough-boys.

AS A MAN MIGHT DO.

Boston Girl—Did you say, Mr. Servenmalet, that you sometimes gibe the schooner?

Jack—Aye, mum. We gybes her often.

Boston Girl (astonished)—And is there any satisfaction in thus trying to irritate an inanimate conglomeration of wood and other fibrous material?

Jack (mystified)—Sure enough, mum. True for it.

"And what effect does your gibing have?"

"Makes her go off and get rapfull, mum."
—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Unwritten Error.

Proprietor (to waiter reported for incivility)—What do you mean, sir, by being insolent to one of my patrons?

Waiter—That's all right, boss, he never orders more than coffee and crullers.

(To the waiter)—"Beg your pardon."—[Time.

An Insincere Wife.

"Joe, I've begin to think my wife doesen't tell the truth."

"Why so, Bill?"

"Well, she threatens every week to go back to her mother, but she never goes."—[Epoch.

Poetry.

AFTER THE BALL.

HEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long bright tresses one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there
After the revel was done.

Robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons, too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
—The prettiest nightgowns under the sun—
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done.

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there
And the little bare feet are cold.

Steal along in a splendid dream
To a gold gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream
In a palace's grand saloon.

Two and two they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And all unheard in the lovers' talk
He claimeth one for a bride.

Robed for the bridal and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair and golden tress;
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press.

Oh, beautiful Maud, in your bridal white,
For you the revel has just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
The revel of life is done.

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
Queen of Heaven and bride of the Sun,
Oh, beautiful Madge you will never miss
The kisses another has won.
—*Washington Capital.*

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

I rested in a ruined meeting-house,
And phantoms of the generation gone
Came round about me, reveries to arouse
Of all the pleases to which flesh is born.

I saw the pulpit as it stood of yore,
The prayerful preacher telling of the tomb,
The village choir perched up above the door,
And patient listeners in pensive gloom.

Yet not all so, for here and there a look
Of faith and trust sublime would haply glow,
And turn devoutly to the sacred book
In glad submission to the lot below.

On yonder high-backed bench a tiny waif
Of weak humanity in parental arms
Abides the christening, himself safe
From all the horrors of heretic harms.

A bridal pair with toll-tale blush aglow,
Await impatiently the holy word
Which binds about their hearts the nuptial bow,
The sweetest sound that either ever heard.

And when the sermon ends, the tolling bell,
The silent retinue, the sable pall,
The wail of anguish, the sad story tell
Of sin's just sentence resting upon all.

Those green young boughs fresh budding into bloom,
Those bent old branches weather-worn and gray
Alike have passed the portals of the tomb
And melted like the morning mist away.

Soon sinking as a sunset out of view,
The congregation, choir, and preacher fade,
And but remain the antiquated pew
And empty pulpit, broken and decayed.

And so, methought, the generations glide
And vanish like the vision of the night,
Nor tarry on the inexorable tide
That wafts the soul immortal into light.
—*David Graham Adee.*

INCONSTANCY.

A month ago along the beach
They walked together;
They passed love glances each to each,
Talked of the weather.
A dream it was of youthful joy
With naught to mar it;
Their pleasure knew no gross alloy,
No flaw to sour it.

Alas! what changes hearts will show;
To-day she met him—
Poor fellow! how was he to know
That she'd forget him?
Upon the stool she calmly sat,
'Mongst shopping sailers;
"How much a yard," said she, "Is that?"
Said he, "Two dollars."
—*The Merchant Traveler.*

Even After Five Years.

It was at the engraving counter in Tiffany's that the following was overheard. A pretty young woman, who did not look as if she had been married so long, was ordering cards for a reception commemorating the fifth anniversary of her wedding day:

"Put Mr. and Mrs. on them," she said to the clerk.

The young man politely objected. "It is not done now usually," he said.

"I don't care," rejoined his customer, with a bright look and a little laugh. "I'm proud of my husband, and I want him on the cards, and at my 'At Home.' I'll let my friends know," she finished, turning to a young woman who was with her, "that we are living happily together, even after five years."—[New York Sun.

Harsh Words From Fair Lips.

New York Truth.

At one of the latest dinners given at Newport, a flurry was occasioned by one of the invited guests, a very popular society woman of the city, refusing to sit down at the table.

"Are you not well, my dear?" asked her hostess.

"Yes, I am," was the prompt reply. "But I will not sit at the same table with that woman there, who has slandered and lied about me."

The woman indicated jumped up and opened fire in return, and it looked as if the police would have to be called in, when the first woman had the presence of mind to faint. She was sent home in a coach, and the alleged slanderer remained in possession of the field.

Ancient History.

Jones, who had been listening to the outpouring of some congressional Boanerges, said to a friend as he came out into the open air:

"Well! that's what I call real oratory."

"But he doesn't understand the English language."

"Never you mind; when I went to school and studied Greek I read the orations of Demosthenes; he didn't understand English either, and yet they call him a great orator.—[Judge.

Marriage Not a Failure.

"How is your daughter Nancy gettin' 'long since she married and moved out ter Californy?" said the first Indiana man.

"Is she doing well!"

"Doing well! Why, bless ye, she's gittin' 'long perfectly lovely. Her first husband died, leavin' her $5,000 in cold cash, an' 'twarnt three months 'fore she tied on ter a consumptive worth $10,000. Oh, but she's a rattler, that gal is!"—[Time.

Fatal Curiosity.

"Did you know that Miss Inkslip was dead? Suicide, they say."

"Miss Inkslip? Impossible! Why, she had everything to make her contented."

"Yes; but she was the most curious woman alive. She is reported as having said that see couldn't live happily till she had solved the mystery of death and found out what came next.—*Judge.*

Had No Husband.

New York Man (to an acquaintance)—I understand that your daughter is married.

"Yes."

"Do well?"

"Oh, yes; surpassed her mother's fondest dreams."

"I am pleased to hear it. (After a short silence). So she has a good husband, eh?"

"Oh, she has no husband at all. She married an Italian Prince."—[Lawrence American.

The Coquette Will Wait In Vain.

Oh, gay coquette, you will wait to-night
On the terrace in vain for me,
For I shall go back to my sweet first love
Far over the turquoise sea—
To my sweet first love in the muslin gown,
As white as her spotless soul!
And the roses growing in sun and dew
For the dark blue china bowl!
—*Belford's Magazine.*

Our Biblical Story.

JOSHUA;

A Story of Egyptian-Israelitish Life.

BY PROF. GEORG EBERS,

AUTHOR OF "UARDA," "AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS," ETC.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

CHAPTER VI.

HOGLAH, the granddaughter of the old slave, Eliab, had come to entreat Joshua to go with her forthwith to see her grandfather, whose strength had suddenly failed him, and who, feeling death near at hand, could not die without seeing him and blessing him once more. So the captain bade her wait, and after assuring himself that Ephraim slept peacefully, he charged a man he could trust to keep watch over the lad, and went with Hoglah.

As he led the way she carried a small lantern, and when the light fell on the girl's face and figure, he saw how ill-favored she was, for slave's toil had bent the poor child's back before its time. Her voice had the rough tones which a woman's tongue often acquires when her strength is too unsparingly taxed; but all she said was loving and kind, and Joshua forgot her appearance as she told him that she had a lover among the men who had gone forth, but that she had remained behind with her grandparents, for she could not bring herself to leave the old folks alone; that as she was not fair to look upon, no man had coveted her as his wife till Asser had come, and he did not look to appearances, because he was hard-working, as she herself was, and had expected that she would help to save his earnings. He would have been willing to stay behind with her, but his father had commanded him to set out with him; so he had no choice, but must obey and part from her forever.

The tale was simply told, and in a harsh accent, but it struck to the heart of the man who, for his part, meant to go his own way in opposition to his father.

As they presently came in sight of the harbor, and Joshua looked down on the quays and the huge fortified storehouses, built by the hands of his own people, he thought once more of the ragged troops of laborers whom he had so often seen cringing before the Egyptian overseer, or again, fighting madly among themselves. He had marked, too, that they did not hesitate to lie and cheat in order to escape their toil, and how hard it was to compel them to obey and do their duty.

The more odious objects among these hapless hundreds rose clearly before his mind, and the thought that perhaps his fate in the future might be to lead such a wretched crew came over him as a disgrace which the humblest of his subalterns, the captain of fifty, would fain be spared. There were, of course, among the mercenaries of Pharaoh's armies many Hebrews who had won a reputation for courage and endurance, but these were the sons of owners of herds or of men who had been shepherds. The toiling multitude whose clay hovels could be overturned with a kick formed the greater mass of those to whom he was bidden to return.

Firmly resolved to remain faithful to the oath which bound him to the standard of the Egyptian host, and yet stirred to the depths of his soul, he entered the slave's hut, and his vexation was increased when he found the old man sitting up and mixing some wine and water with his own hand. So he had been brought away from his nephew's bedside on a false pretense, and deprived of his own night's rest that a slave, who, in his eyes, was scarcely a man at all, should have his way. Here he himself was the victim of a trick of that cunning selfishness which, in the Egyptians' eyes, was the reproach of his people, and which, indeed, did not attract him to them. But the wrath of the clear-sighted and upright man was soon appeased as he saw the girl's unfeigned delight at her grandfather's rapid recovery; and then he learned from the aged wife that Hoglah had hardly set out on her quest when they remembered that they had some wine in the house, and after the first draught her husband got better, though she had before thought he had one foot already in the grave. Now he was mixing some more, to strengthen himself with a draught of it every now and then.

Here the old man himself broke in, and said that he owed this and much that was better to the goodness of Nun, Joshua's father; for besides this hut and wine and meal for bread he had given him a milch cow and likewise an ass, on which he could often ride out and take the air, and he had left him his granddaughter and some silver, so that they could look forward with contentment to their end, all the more so as they had a patch of land behind the house, which Hoglah would sow with radishes, onions and leeks for their pottage. But best of all was the written deed which made them and the girl free forever. Aye, Nun was a true lord and father to his people, and his good gifts had brought with them the blessing of the Most High, for immediately after the departure of the Hebrews, by the help of Asser, Hoglah's betrothed, he and his wife had been conveyed hither without any demur or difficulty.

"We old folks," the old woman added, "will die here. But Asser has promised Hoglah to come back for her when she has done her duty to her parents to the very last." And turning to the girl, she said in an encouraging tone: "It cannot be for much longer now."

At this Hoglah began to wipe her eyes with the skirt of her blue gown, and cried: "Long, long may it be! I am young. I can wait."

Joshua heard the words, and it seemed to him as though the poor, ill-favored, deserted girl was giving him a lesson.

He had let the old folks talk on, but his time was precious, and he now asked whether there was for any special cause that Eliab had sent for him.

"I could not help sending," was the answer, "and not only to ease the longing of my old heart but because my lord Nun had bidden me to do so.

"Great and noble is thy manhood, and now art thou become the hope of Israel! Thy father, too, hath promised the men and women of his house that after his death thou shalt be their lord and their head. His speech was full of thy glory, and great was the rejoicing when he declared that thou wouldst follow the departing tribes. And I am he whom my lord vouchsafed to command that, if thou shouldst return before his message could reach thee, I was to say that Nun, thy father, awaited his son. By sunrise, or at latest by midday, thy people shall stay to rest by Succoth. He would hide a writing in the hollow sycamore before the house of Aminadab, which should tell the whither next they take their way. His blessing and the blessing of our God be with thee in the way!"

As the old man pronounced the last words Joshua bent his head, as though an invisible hand were inviting him to kneel. Then he thanked the old man and asked in a subdued voice whether all had been willing to obey the call to quit the house and home.

The old woman clasped her hands, exclaiming: "No, no, my lord; by no means. What a wailing and weeping there was before they went away! Many rebelled, others escaped or sought some hole or corner wherein to hide. But in vain. In the house of our neighbor Deuel—you know him—his young wife had been lately brought to bed with a boy, her first-born. How could the poor creature set forth to wander? At first she wept bitterly and her husband blasphemed, but there was no help for it. She and her infant were laid in a cart, and as things went forward she would go to their resting place, and as she sat there on a log of wood which she had rolled close to the tombstone, her lips would always be moving; but what she muttered was not prayer; no—I have listened to her many a time when she did not feed me—no; she talked with the dead as if they could hear her in the tomb, and could understand her speech like those who live in the light of the sun. She is nigh upon three-score years old, and for three times seven years she has been known to the folk about as Graveyard Keziah. It was a senseless way she had, but for that very reason perhaps it was doubly hard to her to give it up, and she would not go, but hid away behind the shrubs. When Ahiezer, the head of her house, dragged her forth, her wailing was enough to make your heart ache. But when it came to the last, she plucked up courage, and could not bear to stay behind any more than the rest."

"What had come over the poor wretches? What possessed them?" Joshua here broke in, interrupting the old woman's flow of words; for his fancy again pictured the people that he ought to, nay, that he must lead, as surely as he held his father's blessing of price above all else; and he saw them in all their misery. The old woman started, and, fearing lest she might have angered the first-born son of her master, this proud and lordly warrior, she stammered out:

"What possessed them, my lord? Ave, well—I am but a poor, simple, slave woman; but indeed, my lord, if you had seen them also——"

"Well, what then?" cried the soldier roughly and impatiently; for now, for the first time in his life, he found himself compelled to act against his inclinations and convictions.

At this the old man tried to come to his wife's resue, saying timidly:

"Nay, my lord, tongue cannot tell of it, nor the understanding conceive of it. It came upon Israel from the Lord, and even if I could describe how mightily He worked in the souls of the people——"

"Try," said Joshua, "but my time is short. Then they were forced to depart? It was against their will that they took up their staff? That they have followed Moses and Aaron for some time past, as sheep follow the shepherd, is known even to the Egyptians. And have those men, who brought down the pestilence on so many innocent beings, worked a miracle to blind the eyes of you and your wife here?"

The old man lifted supplicating hands to the warrior, and replied, much troubled, in a tone of humble entreaty: "Oh, my lord, you are the first-born son of my master, the greatest and noblest of his house, and if you will you can tread me in the dust like a beetle; and yet will I lift up my voice and say to you they have told you falsely. You have been among strangers all this year while mighty signs have been wrought upon us. You were far from Zoan" as I have heard when the people went forth. For any son of our race who had beheld this thing would sooner that his tongue should wither in his mouth than laugh to scorn the mighty things which the Lord has vouchsafed to us to behold. If you had patience, indeed, and could grant me time to tell the story——"

"Speak," cried Joshua, amazed at the old man's fervor; and Eliab thanked him with a glowing look, and cried:

"Ah! would that Aaron, or Eleazar, or my lord Nun, your father, were here; or that the Most High would grant me the gift of their speech! But as it is, well! And, indeed, it seems as though I saw and heard it all, as though it were all happening again; and yet how may I tell it? But by God's help I will try."

He paused, and as Joshua saw that the old man's lips and hands trembled, he himself reached him the cup, and the old man thankfully emptied it to the bottom. Then he began with closed eyes and his wizened features grew more keenly eager as he proceeded with his tale;

"What befell after that it became known what command had come to the people my wife has already told you, and we, too, were among those who lost heart and murmured. But last night we also, who were of the house of Nun were bidden to the feast—

Recent Literature.

WORK OF AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER

Literary Landmarks—Character and Comment—Vitus Bering—Rambles in Old England—A Woman's War Record—Holiday Books—New Magazines—Literary Notes.

"Literary Landmarks" is a very unpretentious little volume, which, however, contains a great deal of sound, good sense and practical information. It is described upon the title page as a guide to good reading for young people, and teacher's assistant, and the author, Mary E. Burt, a lady who has been for years the teacher of literature in the Normal School at Englewood, Ill. The book is the result of experience intelligently applied to the question which she discusses, and all classes of readers will find suggestions in its pages which will be of permanent value. She especially deprecates the cramming system which is prevalent in our educational systems, and shows in what respect it is evil. This little book will be treated of again later. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

From the same publishers comes "Character and Comment," which is made up of selections of pithy sayings from the novels of W. D. Howells. While we cannot quite see the use of the work expended in this direction, Mr. Howells's style not being at all epigrammatic, nor the thought vivid enough to warrant anything of this kind, the compiler, Minnie Macorm, appears to have done her part well, and admirers of this author will, no doubt, be well pleased.

"Vitus Bering," by Peter Lauridsen, is a neat little volume translated from the Danish by Professor Olson, of the University of Wisconsin. It is a well told and interesting history of the discovery of Bering Strait. Vitus Bering was born in Denmark in 1681, and was educated in a Christian family. He early chose the sea for a means of livelihood, and made many long expeditions. At the age of 22 he joined the Russian fleet as sub-lieutenant, and began his career as a daring navigator. In August, 1724, he was appointed chief of the first Kamtchatkan expedition, whose object was to determine whether Asia and America were connected by land. The equipment of Bering's fleet was one of the last administrative acts of Peter the Great. He made a second expedition called "The Great Northern," the greatest geographical expedition ever undertaken, discovering in turn the Kurile Islands and Japan from the north. He afterward made an expedition to the American coast, discovering the Aleutian Islands. He perished in this last expedition, and his bones lie buried on an island of the Pacific. It was a century after his death before a biographer was found who appreciated his great work to his countrymen and the world. In view of the general interest in such subjects from the near approach of the quadricentennial of the discovery of America by Columbus, the little history may be spoken of as timely and valuable. It is a neat, compact volume with two maps folded within the leaves, which will be found valuable aids in understanding the text. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

"Rambles in Old England" is published by its author, R. Dobson, Niles, Mich. It is made up of papers which appeared originally in newspaper form in which is described a number of journeyings afoot through some of the most picturesque and romantic regions of Yorkshire, giving the manners, habits and customs, as the writer saw them. It is written in a familiar way, and is very readable. Only one volume has yet made its appearance.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, are issuing many new books upon a great variety of topics. Among some of the smaller works is "A Woman's War Record," by Septima M. Collis, the wife of General Collis, of the Union Army. It is a story, she says, of her experiences during four eventful years, during which she "served faithfully as a volunteer, though without compensation, at the front." She was born a Southern woman, but married a brave captain of Zouaves, who is well known for his deeds of gallantry. The little volume is full of reminiscences of those stirring times, and will be read with great pleasure.

Another useful little book is "The Story of the Bacteria," and "Their Relations to Health and Disease," by T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D., in which in a simple way the scientific facts in relation to the matter are given so that the unscientific may read and understand. It has been but few years, comparatively, since anything was definitely known in regard to bacteria, which are the smallest forms of life, but much that is interesting has been more recently brought to light, and are here presented.

A pretty little volume for the little ones is called "The Nursery Lesson Book," which is intended to be a guide for mothers in teaching children. It has one hundred illustrations in outline and sixteen songs set to music. The book cannot fail to be welcome to those for whose assistance it is intended. It is by Philip G. Hubert, jr.

"Daddy Jake, the Runaway; and Other Stories," by Joel Chandler Harris, is published by the Century company, New York, in handsome form. This new volume by "Uncle Remus," will capture the little folks and also entertain the old folks. The leading story is "Daddy Jake," the romance which has been run as a three-part serial in the *St. Nicholas*. It is among the most choice dialect stories Mr. Harris has written. Several of the shorter stories have before been published in the Atlanta *Constitution* and others appear in print for the first time. The illustrations by S. W. Kemble are excellent. It is reported that eight editions were required to fill orders before the first edition of the book reached the book shelves.

The sixteenth volume of Alden's "Manifold Cyclopedia" extends from Galvanized Iron to Gog and Magog. This odd beginning and ending illustrates the magnificent scope of the work, taking in, as it does, the very latest discoveries of science and the remotest traditions of antiquity, and all between, including an unabridged dictionary of language as well as a cyclopedia of universal knowledge. The small, handy volumes, contrasting so remarkably with the usual unwieldy quarto or octavo volumes of other cyclopedias, the large, handsome type, the numerous illustrations, the excellent printing and the neat, strong binding are features which every one can appreciate; and not less will the majority of readers appreciate the wonderfully low price, 60 cents a volume for cloth binding, or 85 cents for half morocco, or, if ordered immediately, the publisher offers the sixteen volumes for the reduced price of $7.50 for cloth binding, or $10.70 for half morocco. At these prices it is sent prepaid, by mail or express. A sample volume may be ordered, and returned if not satisfactory. John B. Alden, publisher, New York, Chicago or Atlanta.

The time honored Knickerbocker Press is described in a handsome booklet by its owners and directors, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. It explains the various departments of their great publishing house on Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, and also presents them pictorially. The Knickerbocker Press includes all the branches of book-making, from the reception of the manuscript to the last tasteful touches of the binder. The well known Putnam establishment began business in 1837. A catalogue of 200 pages is now required to name and classify its publications.

An exceedingly pretty holiday book is one entitled "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," in which the time-honored patriotic song is illustrated throughout in colors. It is printed upon heavy paper and in quaint lettering, which adds to the effect. Published by Frederic A. Stokes & Brother, New York.

Another holiday book from the same house is entitled "Babes of the Nation," in which the little ones of different nationalities are described in verse by Edith M. Thomas, and each one accompanied by full page illustrations in colors, by Maud Humphrey. There are the Russian, English, Italian, Scotch, Dutch, American, African, Swedish, German, French and Canadian, each in colors and garb suited to the nation which is represented. It has a pretty illuminated cover, and will delight the little folk.

"In the 400 and Out" by Charles J. Taylor, is published by Keppler & Schwarzmann, New York. It is fully illustrated and contains many excellent hits upon society ways, and good take-offs of the various fads and fancies of the "400." It cannot fail to afford great amusement to the fun-lover, and makes a very attractive volume.

"A First Book in American History" is issued by D. Appleton & Company, New York. The well-known name of Edward Eggleston as author is an assurance before looking through the pages that the work has been well done. It was written with special reference to bringing before the young the lives and deeds of great Americans in a way to make them appreciated by the reader. The volume is well illustrated, is printed upon fine paper and prettily bound.

Literary Notes.

Advance sheets of Joe Jefferson's chat in November *Century* are attractive.

George W. Cable's new book will have for its title "Strange True Stories of Louisiana."

Estes & Lauriat have just published a fine illustrated edition of Owen Meredith's beautiful poem, "The Earl's Return."

Peter the Great, in uprooting the consideration for things of the past, may be considered, to a certain extent, the father of nihilism. (Brandes.)

St. Nicholas for November commences a new volume, and is replete in good things for the little folks. It maintains the high standard it has always held. Published by the Century Company.

"Old Uncle Dick Wootton," a venerable frontiersman, has told his adventures to a scribe (Mr. Howard Lewis Conard), and they are going through the press of W. E. Dibble & Co., in this city.

Joseph Jefferson's autobiography, which is to begin in the next number of the *Century* magazine, will contain, as may be expected, a great many reminiscences of the early days of the American stage.

That famous old-time fairy tale, "The Sleeping Beauty," with illustrations by George W. Brenneman, of the Salmagundi club, is to be brought out for the holidays in the prettiest imaginable dress by White & Allen.

W. D. Howells finds the New York elevated roads picturesque—under certain conditions. He gives several instances in the course of his latest novel, "A Hazard of New Fortunes," now running as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*.

D. C. Heath & Co. will issue at once Hoffmann's "Tales from History." Every student of German should read something of a historical nature, and the difficulty lies in finding something brief enough for class use.

The Hon. William Waldrof Astor has written his second novel, which the Scribners will soon bring out under the title "Sforza, a Story of Milan." As in his successful work "Valentine," Mr. Aster chooses historical and romantic Italy for the scene of his novel.

William Henry Bishop, author of "The House of the Merchant Prince," who has been living abroad for the past year, has written for the November *Scribner* a picturesque description of the old Spanish university of Salamanca, giving also a clear idea of modern Spanish student life.

Mr. Herbert Ward, whose important service in the Congo Free State in Africa is well known, and who left there only last spring, has written an article for *Scribner's Magazine* of the utmost interest, describing this wonderful country along the Congo river, which has lately been so much discussed all over the world.

After writing about fairy stories for years, Mr. Andrew Lang has now taken to writing them himself. Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will shortly publish his "Prince Prigio," with illustrations by Gordon Browne. The Prince is a great grandson of Do Giglio of Hackensack, "Rose and the Ring," and many of the old fairy tricks serve a new purpose in Mr. Lang's story.

White & Allen have been the first to realize the popularity which Folk-lore has attained, and to fill the demand of a wide constituency by issuing in pleasant sized volumes a series of books to be entitled "Folk-lore and Legends of Various Nations." Four volumes are now ready, covering the ground so far as Germany, Scotland and the Orient are concerned.

The publisher of "How to Be Beautiful," by Teresa H. Dean, has another book in press, entitled "How to Be Good, by One Who Has." The thirty-first and second editions of "How to Be Beautiful" have been exhausted and orders are in now that will exhaust the third edition of 10,000 copies, notwithstanding cheap imitations. A large edition has been brought out in England, it having been copyrighted by Trubner & Co., London.

—Did you notice that fine head of hair at church last Sunday? That was Mrs. B——. She never permits herself to be out of Hall's Hair Renewer.

CHILDREN'S CHATTER.

A little Burlington girl defines a rooster as "a hen that doesn't lay eggs."—[Burlington Free Press.

Little Flaxen Hair—Papa, its raining.

Papa (somewhat annoyed by work in hand)—Well, let it rain.

Little Flaxen Hair (timidly)—I was going to.—[Soldier's Monthly.

First Boy—So you have got a situation? Second Boy—Yes, an' a good one.

F. B.—What do you do most of the day?

S. B.—Keep out of the way of the boss.—[Boston Budget.

The Minister—What a pleasure to be good! Are you good, Tommy?

Tommy—No, not very; but I'm goin' to turn over a new leaf as soon as I lick that Thompson kid. Business before pleasure—that's my motto.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Little Tommie—Mamma, I think papa might take me wif him as well as other boys.

Mother—Your papa does not take other boys. What put such an idea into your head?

Little Tommie—Yes, he does, mamma, for I heard him tell Mr. Brown that he was out wif the boys las' night.—[Boston Budget.

Miss Fassanfeather—Stop crying, Johnnie. You don't see me crying when my hair is being combed.

Johnnie—Neither would I cry if I could have my hair combed over the back of a chair.—[Yonkers Statesman.

Johnny Jones—Say, I had a bully time yesterday. Ma wanted me to saw a pile of wood, so I played sick and went to bed.

Tommy Tucker—Have to take any medicine?

Johnny—Yep; lots of black stuff.

Tommy—Missed the circus, too, didn't ye?

Johnny—Yep; but I didn't care. I got out o' sawin' ther wood.—[Lawrence American.

Mrs. Gabb (hostess)—Your little son doesn't appear to have much appetite.

Mrs. Gadd—No, he is quite delicate.

Mrs. Gabb—Can't you think of anything you would like, my little man?"

Little Man—No, 'm. You see, mom made me eat a hull lot before we started, so I wouldn't make a pig of myself.—[New York Weekly.

Johnny—Mamma, little Mormon boys have ten or fifteen mammas, don't they?

Mrs. Binks—Yes, Johnny.

Johnny—And do all the mammas take an interest in the little boy?

Mother—Yes, I guess so.

Johnny, (thoughtfully, after a pause)—Say, mamma, I should hate to be a little Mormon boy when there was anything to be spanked for.—[Lawrence American.

A little girl who made very frequent use of the word "guess" was one day reproved for it by her teacher.

"Don't say 'guess,' Mary," said Miss Jones; "say 'presume.'"

Presently one of Mary's little playmates coming up to her, remarked:

"I think your cape is very pretty, and my mamma wants your mamma to lend her the pattern, because she is going to make me one like it."

"My mamma has no pattern," was the prompt reply; "she cut it by presume."—[Texas Sittings.

Jimmy—Mamma, I wish you'd flok me real good and hard.

Mother (surprised)—Whip you! Why, Jimmy, you haven't done anything wrong have you?

Jimmy—No; but me an' Bill Jones are goin' swimmin', and you know you told me you'd lick me if I went, so I thought I'd enjoy the swim a good deal more if you'd do it before hand.—[Golden Days.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES PERMANENTLY
Lumbago
SOLD BY
Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

FOR TIME TO SETTLE.

[Judge.]

EDITH DOWNES.—"No, papa, I can never accept Mr. Scads. He is nearly twice my age."

OLD MARK DOWNES.—"Humph! But he won't be, twenty years from now!"

EDITH DOWNES.—"Then, Papa, let him wait the twenty years."

ALL HALLOWEEN.

Some Account of its Early Origin and Customs Connected Therewith.

Halloween.

This is the season of the year
When earth takes on an aspect drear;
The woods have changed for garments sear
Their robes of green.

Deep lies the fish within the streams;
The sky is leaden, and it seems
That nature sleeps and idly dreams—
Of Halloween.

And now the small boy plotteth how
To make the greatest rout and row;
A subtler schemer, you'll allow,
Was never seen.

When, with his comrades, he makes war,
On doors and gates both near and far,
Oh, cabbage heads are up to par,
At Halloween.

Thursday evening next is Halloween, November 1 is the festival of All Saints, or All Hallows, and is said to have been instituted by Pope Boniface IV., in 607. The feast was celebrated with great pomp at the Pantheon at Rome, and was first established as an annual festival by Pope Gregory in 830.

The evening previous is Halloween, and time and custom have made the eve the occasion of fun and merriment, not unmixed with deviment. The festivities partake more or less of the superstitious ideas originally connected with the Scotch and Irish holiday observed on this day. Young America, with his more practical education, replaces the fairies, fays and ghosts of his Scotch and Irish brother with practical jokes, such as wrenching door bells, removing and often breaking gates, and like mischievous amusements. He has enough of sentiment and love of tradition, however, to celebrate the day, and its perpetuation in this country is therefore assured.

Halloween and Christmas are much alike in some respects. Their observation is formal and almost universal. Christmas is, however, more universally observed as a religious holiday, although Halloween is also, particularly in European countries.

For the Young People.

The young people, especially, enjoy Halloween. Social dances and surprises are gotten up; but it is in the home circle that joy reigns supreme.

The games played at Halloween are as numerous as they are ancient. In Ireland and Scotland the night is observed with unusual social customs. Cakes of oaten meal or "bannocks" as they are usually called, are baked with a hole in the center so that a string or ribbon can be passed through. The boy or girl who goes to school with one of these strung around his or her neck, is the envied possessor of a talisman more potent to gain a new or cement an old friendship than anything else in the world.

The nut-burning rules the evening. In counting apples, nuts or corn, the one finding the highest multiple of seven is the chosen leader of the evening exercises. Then the fun begins.

Ducking for apples or money in a tub of water is one of the simpler games. The contestants strip to the waist and when the tub is deep the fun is often great. The one securing the greatest number of apples secures the prize, whatever it may be. Then the "nut-burning" is a game peculiarly adopted for lovers and young people of a susceptible age or disposition. The nuts are placed in warm ashes to season, after which the hearth is swept clean and the nuts are placed in couples—each pair representing a young man and woman present—and a lighted torch is placed between them. If a pair flutter and spit, as they will inevitably do when not thoroughly seasoned, it is evidence that the couple represented do not and will not live happily together, but if they should ignite and burn together brightly it is a token of future marriage and happiness. The nut burning out first shows which of the two shall die first, and so on to the close of the list. This is amusing to the initiated and the fun is unlimited.

Another interesting game is the "three plates," or platters. It is also a lovers' pastime. Three plates, one empty, one containing water, and the third dust or clay, are placed close to the hearth, and the young man or woman who wants a glimpse of the future is blindfolded and led to the plates. If he or she places his or her hand in the water plate, it is a sign of an early marriage and a big family; in the empty plate, an old maid or bachelor; and in the clay,

An Early and Premature Death.

Then the ball of yarn is a certain indication of the future. This is for young women alone. Securing a ball of yarn, she proceeds at midnight to a neighboring lime kiln—they are as plentiful as blackberries in Ireland and Scotland—she will throw the ball into the kiln, not forgetting to hold one end of the yarn. Soon she feels a pull, when she asks in a loud voice, "Who is there?" and she will be answered the name of her future husband.

Ten or twelve years ago this game was much in vogue in the north of Ireland, and many is the story told of the results. The kiln must be sought alone, and at midnight. He would be a laggard lover who would miss such an opportunity of gaining "a foothold in the heart of his mistress," as Sir Roobe Boyle was wont to say; of course he would know where and when to meet her and then to await her coming and catch the ball when it was thrown, but it required considerable gall to give his own name when called for an answer.

At a Halloween party when apples are bountifully dispensed, the young folk find nuptial lore in the apple seeds. Two seeds signify an early marriage; three, a legacy; four, great wealth; five, a sea voyage; six, great fame as an orator or singer; seven, the possession of any gift most desired by the finder. To pare an apple so that the rind may not break is no easy task. Take such a peel and throw the paring over your right shoulder and it will fall in the initials of the one you are to marry, upon the floor behind you. Of course, to the average eye there is no initial evident, but it is a very ragged and crooked peel indeed, wherein a girl will not spy the initials of

The Fellow She Cares For.

An interesting and pleasant game is to mix water and meal and make a heavy, thick dough. Men write the names of several young couples on slips of paper, place the slips in small balls of the dough and deposit the balls in a basin of water. In a short time the balls will burst. The names rising to the top first will be the first married. Again, a young woman will place a number of names of gentlemen acquaintances in such ball. The ball bursting first will send its epistle to the top and she will see the name of her future husband, floating on the water. Sometimes it is well to leave one of the papers blank, and if she has not met her future this paper will first float.

Dream-dreamt in Halloween are supposed to come true. To sleep with a few leaves of a white rose under the pillow bring dreams that truly forecast what is to happen.

Then the Mirror Charm

is peculiarly feminine in its operations. A young woman stands before a mirror eating an apple when the face of her future husband appears in the mirror, looking over her shoulder. The practical joker utilizes his alleged humorous proclivities, often with serious effects, in this game. The hour must be midnight and the girl alone. Imagine the terror of the young lady who beholds beside her own in the mirror the supposed face of some hideous animal. A case of this kind happened in New York last year and the young lady afterwards died from the effects of the scare.

To walk down stairs backwards, carrying a lighted candle, is still another old-time game. Upon reaching the foot of the stairs you turn suddenly round, and behold, there stands your future husband or wife! In some places, to perform the stairs not thrice without looking round brings the fulfillment of any coveted desire. To visit a cemetery at midnight is also a means of securing your wish. The latter is attendant with no little danger, as it is supposed that the ghosts are hurrying home at that hour to prepare for the following day—All Saints' day.

It is somewhat strange to think that these same games and pastimes were played by the youth of the Roman Empire, and perhaps by others, long before. They are supposed to have originated in the festivals in honor of the goddess Pomona. A slight tinge of the superstitious still prevades society, but it is fast disappearing. The good is being slowly, but surely, sifted from the evil. It is simply in this, as in all things, an illustration of the survival of the fittest, and what with the practical ideas of the average American boy and girl, the unhallowed associations so long connected with the festival, will be stamped out, and nothing but the good and harmless will remain.

HOW KEMMLER WILL DIE.

The Electrical Apparatus Which Will Be Used to Execute Him.

Electrical Engineer Harold P. Brown, of 45 Wall street, New York, has completed the electrical apparatus to be used in the execution of Joseph Kemmler, the convicted murderer, who will be the first man to die under the new law, providing that hereafter in that state the death penalty shall be administered by electricity instead of by hanging. Kemmler is confined in the Auburn prison, and will be shocked into eternity on any day in the week the warden of the prison may elect.

A Westinghouse dynamo with an alternating current will be used. Kemmler will be seated on a raised platform in a reclining chair, to the back of which he will be fastened with straps around his body. A rubber cap that will cover all of his head but the face will then be slipped on the condemned man. In the center of this cap, at the base of the brain, is a metal cone perforated, to which the electric wire will be fastened. While attendants are fixing on this cap and

THE DEATH CAP.

attaching the wire, others will remove the prisoner's shoes and socks, replacing them with sandals, the soles of which are of metal. Then Kemmler's feet will be fastened to a metal foot rest to which other wires will be attached. While these arrangements are being made the electrician will, by the aid of an ingenious contrivance concealed in the chair, learn the maximum resistance of the prisoner and so be able to tell just how many volts strong the current must be to destroy him.

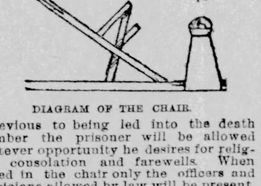


DIAGRAM OF THE CHAIR.

Previous to being led into the death chamber the prisoner will be allowed whatever opportunity he desires for religious consolation and farewells. When placed in the chair only the officers and physicians allowed by law will be present. The dynamo and apparatus will be concealed in an adjoining room. There will be a loop hole through the wall, so that the engineer can watch the progress of the proceedings and be able at the proper moment to turn on the death dealing current himself, through nervousness or other cause, be any mistake in signals. At the last moment a black cloth will be laid over the condemned man's face, and an instant later will follow the signal for the current to be turned on. It is estimated that these arrangements will

THE EXECUTION.

occupy at least five minutes' time. When the current is turned on death is expected to follow instantaneously, but whether it will or not only the experience of Kemmler can determine.

The carrying of the electrical current by a wire to a metal cap, adjusted as shown in the illustration, and to slippers with metal soles, makes the victim the connecting link in the chain of death-dealing lightning the moment the flash is released by the operator. He is struck by lightning, just as if a flash should descend upon him from the clouds. The quickness of death makes it absolutely painless.

Distanced in the Race.

Why should Dr. Pierce's medicines not distance all competitors in amount of sales, as they are doing, since they are the only medicines sold by druggists possessed of such wonderful curative properties as to warrant their manufacturers in guaranteeing them to cure the diseases for which they are recommended. You get a cure or money paid for them returned. The Doctor's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all diseases caused by derangement of the liver, as biliousness, indigestion or dyspepsia; also all blood, skin and scalp diseases, tetter, salt-rheum, scrofulous sores and swellings and kindred ailments.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

It is the court-ship that leads to the matrimonial sea.—[Harper's Bazar.

Making love in the orchard is something of an apple-paring.—[Washington Capital.

Unlike other ships, courtship does not reckon its progress by nots.—[Baltimore American.

A most patient research has revealed the fact that our language can boast of no less than 827 different terms, all of which express the state of being in love. This explains why a lover finds time between 8 and 11 p. m. inadequate for a call on his charmer.—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

TWO SOCIAL BELLES.

Some Incidents in Their Very Eventful Careers Told by an Eye-Witness.

HE dispatches this week have brought news of the death of Judge J. W. Wright, in Washington, and that announcement brings to my mind a tragic incident which has weighed upon the old judge's mind for many years. His son, Lieut. Wright, shot himself in his father's house, under circumstances which were peculiarly sad. He had been married to a beautiful but erratic woman, and from some cause they had separated. He was believed to have loved the woman passionately, and it was said that her refusal to return to him was the cause of his taking his own life.

This woman has had a strange and eventful career. She was the daughter of the late Judge Pascal, of Texas, and it is said that her mother was an Indian woman, who was Judge Pascal's first wife. She grew to be a beautiful girl with black hair and eyes and a beautiful complexion, which is rarely the case in a pronounced brunette. Somewhat under the medium height she had an exquisitely graceful figure, and when Bessie Pascal made her debut in Washington society she created a sensation by her beauty and her brilliancy, for she was an omnivorous reader and had a bright, clear intellect.

She had scores of admirers, but when quite young she married Frank Gassaway, who was at that time cashier of a bank. After about two years they found that they were unfitted for each other, and separated, she finally securing a divorce. Gassaway went to the Pacific slope, where he has made considerable reputation as a humorist over the nom de plume of Derrick Dodd, and he has also written some exquisite poetry.

***

Mrs. Gassaway, after her divorce, resumed her maiden name of Pascal, and her father having died, she withdrew from society, and did not re-enter social life until she had become the wife of Lieut. Wright. This second marriage was no more fortunate than the first, and culminated, as I have said, in the suicide of the husband.

Mrs. Wright, or as she chose to call herself, Miss Pascal, then endeavored to support herself. She had some dramatic ability, and her beauty of face and figure secured her an engagement in a good theatrical company. She didn't like this life, however, and after a brief experience she settled down in New York, and devoted herself to literary work. She wrote some very gossipy and entertaining letters from the great metropolis, some of which I published myself, but letter writing was not as remunerative then as it is now, and she finally secured a position as reader for the Harpers. In this work, I believe, she gave thorough satisfaction.

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It was while engaged in this occupation that she met her third fate in the person of Thomas O'Connor Power, the Irish leader and friend of Parnell, who was traveling in this country. He became charmed with the still beautiful and talented woman, and after a brief but impetuous wooing, married her, and carried her across the ocean to his home. I am told by those who have met her in London that she seems at last to have found one who is her master as well as husband, and that she appears to be perfectly happy. She has a charming house, well appointed, and seems devoted to her husband, and he thinks the world of his American wife.

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A sadder story is that of poor Lillie Lugenbeel, who married the late Senator Christiancy, of Michigan. Lillie was a clerk in the bureau of engraving and printing, and the senator saw her first as he was making a tour of the Treasury department. He was captivated by her beauty, and sought an introduction. She was a blonde of the purest type, with light, fluffy golden hair, blue eyes and a genuine peach and cream complexion. Though the aged senator was old enough to be her grandfather almost, and had children older than she, he was so strongly smitten by this dainty treasury employe that he married her. He was quite comfortably off outside of his Senatorial position and he lavished upon his young and beautiful bride every luxury that she desired. When Mr. Christiancy's Senatorial term expired he was made minister to Peru, and he went to this new post of duty taking his wife with him.

It was while there that trouble began. He was old and getting feeble and she was young and gay. He did not care for social excitement and she delighted in the pleasures of dinners, parties and receptions. Other men, younger than her husband, would pay homage to her beauty and the minister became very jealous and suspicious. She returned home to her parents and told stories of unjust suspicions and cruel treatment on the part of her aged husband.

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If I remember rightly, she applied for a divorce on the ground of cruelty, and he filed a counter application alleging infidelity. The case excited great interest at the time, and there was a good deal of hard swearing indulged in on both sides. During the trial some very valuable jewels were stolen, and that added to the sensation which the case had produced.

Finally the ex-Senator won his suit, and then the poor woman became seriously ill from the strain to which she had been subjected during the long combat in the courts. Though she was carefully nursed by her parents, she managed to elude their vigilance one night, and was found wandering in the delirium of fever about the streets, in the midst of a drenching rain, clad only in her night dress. She was carried back to her home, but she never rallied, and finally died at an age when she should have been enjoying life at its best.

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There are more romances and romantic incidents in Washington, I believe, than in any other city. People there have more time and inclination for sentiment. The offices all close at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and that hour practically ends all business. From that time the pleasures of society seem to be the aim of all classes. Not only do the wives of the Cabinet Ministers, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Senators and Members and other high officials, all have their regular days to "receive," but the wives of the chiefs of divisions and clerks think that they must follow the same custom. On the days when these ladies don't receive themselves they call upon those who do, and it can readily be imagined that if a lady makes a business of society she has her time quite well occupied. In fact, no lady with a very extended acquaintance can attempt to return all the calls she receives. If her husband has a secretary or clerk she usually delegates him to go out in her carriage and leave cards for those with whom she is not on terms of intimacy, or whom she does not desire to honor with a personal call.

It is a tedious, wearing, unsatisfactory business, and yet the women like it. No woman goes to Washington during the winter and once gets into the swim of social life, who don't want to keep up the excitement, and who will exercise all her influence to keep her husband there.

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I remember a newspaper man who went to Washington from a far Western state. He was a bright man, but rather rustic in his manner, and his wife was a plain, every day sort of woman, who would ride on the top of a herdic and hunt all over the city to find a place where she could get ice cream soda for five cents. He had never worn a dress coat and she said that she wanted to get a small house where she could do her own work. That was in the summer, when every one was out of town.

The next winter, after congress had assembled and social life began a Mrs. Congressman took this domestic woman under her charge one day and fixed her through the round of the afternoon receptions. That was enough. She became infected with the social fever and she had it in its most virulent form.

I saw the couple at a President's reception one night. He had on the latest style of steel-pen coat and she wore a dress so decolette that it would have shocked the community in which she had formerly lived. He told me some time afterwards that he had got enough of Washington life and wanted to go back to his old home; but I knew he couldn't get the other part of his family away, and he didn't. They are there yet, and likely to stay. F. T. H.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, brief sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE "LITTLE TERROR."

The Cute Trick He Played on a Lady and Her Daughter.

N AMUSING bit of the unwritten history of our operations while quartered at Ft. Hieman, Ky., happened during and after the second battle of Ft. Donelson. We had in Co. C a little chap called George. He had been across the plains to the mountains a number of times, and the many blood-curdling encounters with Indians and wild beasts related by him at our camp fires would make the hair stand straight up on our heads. George was looked upon as a hero by most of the boys. There were some, however, who doubted his veracity. I had been watching the boy for some time. When there was any danger George always managed to get to the rear; but he was just as full of fight as ever when the danger had passed. At the time the 83d Ills. were attacked so furiously by the rebels under Forrest and Wharton, a messenger was dispatched to us at Ft. Hieman for help. We hurried to the field of conflict, but arrived too late to render any assistance. The fleet of gunboats came on the scene of battle in full blast. When they let go their thunders the fighting quality seemed to have forsaken the Johnnies, and they suddenly discovered that they were better built for running. At any rate, when we came in sight of them they were a confused mass of flying horsemen, streaming into the woods south and southeast of the town of Dover, in the streets of which lay cold to death over two hundred of their late comrades, the terrible result of Forrest's demand on Col. Harding to surrender. We pressed on after the fugitives and brought them at bay just at dark, three miles from the scene of their late defeat. To form a line of battle at night in a dense woods, and continue the fight, is no easy task; but when Mat Patrick's blood was up he could do things that were impossible to others. The line was formed, with orders to hold our ground, but not advance. The rebels had a couple of small guns in positions with which they kept pounding away at intervals during the night. Aside from the racket of these, the ears but little disturbance in the night. A sergeant of Co. B, Charlie Edwards, went nosing around the Johnnies and started up a lively fusillade for a few minutes, but that was the only musketry during the night of any consequence. Charlie came back, puffing like a steam engine, and said, very quietly:

"Boys, George is not a bad sort of chap. He has been a fool to boast about his fighting, and we thought he was going to be a perfect terror in the company. If we tell the whole truth in the matter, George is done for. We can save him this time by only telling in what condition we found him, and we might just hint to Capt. Morris that the boy seems to be pretty sore, but that a few days' rest will set him on his feet again. You know the old man don't ask many questions if he don't suspect there is some foul play."

Orcey Root had joined us some time previous to the pursuit, to notify us that we had the captain's permission to return to camp or await his return at Fort Donelson. Mrs. Foster invited us to stay to dinner, but as it would be taxing the lady's generosity rather heavily to prepare dinner for four, Billie and I got on our horses and went on a scout, the particulars of which I will write of further on.—DAN. KNIGHT, Colfax, Iowa.

STONE'S RIVER.

The Pious Soldier—In a Ware-House Hospital—Fighting Graybacks.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was pleased to see a letter to the Camp Fire recently from my old friend and comrade, B. Hawkins (not Harrison), of Co. B, 6th Ky. Also the reply by "A. C. P." of the 41st O. Now, let us hear from the 9th Ind. and 110 Ills., all of the 19th Brig., commanded by Gen Hazen.

I well remember Co. C, of the 110th Ills., when we were camped four miles out from Nashville, on the Murfreesboro pike, in 1862, just before the battle of Stone's River. The company's tents were quite close to ours, and one of that company's boys held prayer in his tent every night. And how the boys would quiet down and listen very attentively. I have often wondered if that soldier lived to return to his home, or was he one of the many that fell a short time after, at the battle of Stone's river.

While at Nashville a short time ago, I visited our old camp grounds. The hill on which we formerly camped is now inside the city limits, and covered with nice residences. Nashville has grown to be quite a city since the war.

I was among the many that were wounded December 31, 1862, at the battle referred to above, brought back to Nashville, and with hundreds of others, put in a large three-story warehouse, hospital No. 18, that had been hastily fixed up to receive us. The bunks were made of dry-goods boxes, and covered with old blankets full of vermin, and in a short time the graybacks could be seen crawling on the beds, and those unable to pick them off their clothes suffered terribly. I was reduced to a shadow from the effects of them in a short time, although my wound was doing well and hurting me but little. Through the influence of a young Kentucky doctor, who came into the hospital about that time, I was sent to Louisville and soon regained my strength; but as I was a cripple for life Uncle Sam had no more use for me, and I was discharged. I have often wished I knew the name and address of that young doctor.—L., Co. B, 6th Ky. Inft., Huntingdon, Tenn.

THROUGH THE GAP.

Cutting Their Way Through the Rebel Lines—Over the Mountains.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Comrades, I will, by your permission, bring a few splinters and contribute to the Camp Fire. Oh, long may the Camp Fire burn and send forth its bright rays to illuminate the memory of the comrades and interest their loyal friends.

I was a sergeant in Co. A, 11th Tenn. Cav. Vols., and in the winter of 1864 our regiment was stationed at Worman's Mills, four miles east of Cumberland Gap, Va., with Co. A, 91st Ind. Inft. And right here I will say that Co. A, 91st Ind. Inft. was as brave a company as I ever saw in action. While stationed at said place our entire force numbered about 600 men, and on February 22, 1864, we were attacked by the enemy in full daylight, some 600 strong, and before the command could form we were entirely surrounded and the enemy's cavalry was charging in our camps. The fight then became hand to hand, which lasted only a short time, owing to the superior numbers of the enemy. Our boys saw no chance but to surrender, which we did from them; but finally about 100 of our boys, together with Co. A, 91st Ind. decided to cut through the rebel lines, and not surrender. We succeeded, after cutting through their lines the second time, and made our way back to the mountains, and finally through to the gap. The ground was covered with snow and a dense thicket of ivy and dwarf pines. We started before eating breakfast and did not get any dinner, for the rebels captured our entire camp. I would like to hear from any of the old comrades who were there.—W. H. BENYAN, Adjt U. S. Grant Post No. 64, Dept. Tenn., Byrdstown, Tenn.

NOT FLOUR,

But Timothy Seed—A Pipe Full for "Johnny Reb."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I always read the Camp Fire first, as it is the most interesting to me to hear from old comrades and read the ups and downs of a soldier's life. I will admit we had a pretty hard time with our hardships. I will relate a little circumstances that befell me while on the raid to Cloyd mountain. We had been marching hard for several days, and our rations were getting short. One day while passing a flouring mill I dropped out of ranks to search the mill for something to eat. The first thing that caught my eyes was a sack sitting in one corner of the mill, which I supposed contained about three pecks of meal. As the army was marching right on I did not take time to investigate its contents until we went into camp. That night I told Dan, my messmate, we would have us some good mush for our supper. But you can imagine our disappointment when I opened the sack and found it contained timothy seed!

I was in hopes that George W. Anderson would answer Johnny Reb's letter of October 3; but as he has not, I will give the Johnny a few facts to smoke in his pipe. Now, Johnny, you claim to belong to the Army of West Virginia; I belonged to that army myself. You graded us Yankees below the James and Younger boys. You claimed you never was guilty of any low-down tricks. Now, if you was with Early's command at the battle of Cedar Creek, where you striped our dead and wounded naked, I don't think you have any room to throw dirt at Comrade George W. Anderson, for I consider that was as "low-down a trick" as a heathen would be guilty of, let alone a Johnny.—ISAAC M. MCJUNKIN, Co. C, 91st O. V. I., Sedan.

SHORT LETTERS.

NOT A SOLDIER.—I was not a soldier, for I was too young to go to war; but I am not too young to be a Republican. My brother served in the 18th Ind. Vols. He died in the hospital at Knoxville, Tenn.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask us whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the readers of the Blade's readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

"Teetotaller Dick."

Every reader of the Question Bureau is requested to turn to the first page of this issue and read there the announcement of Col. Knox's new temperance story, written expressly for THE BLADE. And then we shall be glad to have that, each and every one, send us the names of persons who do not take THE BLADE, but who would be glad to read "Teetotaller Dick," and have their children read it. We will send sample copies of the copy, containing the first installment of it, to all whose names are sent. And we urge that you send us names at once.

The Storage Battery.

W. G., Kansas City, Mo.: The storage battery was invented only four or five years ago, and is yet in the experimental stage. It emanated from the almost simultaneous discovery by two Frenchmen, Plante and Faure, that sheets of corroded lead possessed the power or function of retaining electricity communicated to them by means of batteries or dynamo-electric generators. The result was a ponderous and weighty chest filled with rolls or sheets of lead. When this discovery was given to the world, although

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1889.

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ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 106,000.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

We have received a number of orders already for THE BLADE tea set, and for the toilet set, advertised on the fifth page of this issue, and have been fairly deluged with letters of inquiry concerning it. For the benefit of all inquirers, we wish to say:

It is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere.

There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. The set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop jar and cover, chamber and cover soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking-water, mug and vase.

They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement on the fifth page of this issue, and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

A WEATHER PROPHECY FOR NOVEMBER.

Mr. C. C. BLAKE, of Topeka, Kan., who has figured somewhat as a weather prophet, sends THE BLADE, under date of October 19 the following forecast for the month of November. It is cautiously vague, and nearly all of it might apply to almost any November season:

EDITOR BLADE:—As we frequently have Indian summer weather in November, and as many are expecting such weather this year, I give below the result of my recent calculations, so that people may not be taken unawares: November, 1889, will be colder than usual for that month. There will be moderate precipitation, and in the more northern states much of it will be in the form of snow. The precipitation in the far west and northwest will be small. Increasing towards the south and east, though it will not be excessive in any part of the country, except in a few spots near the coast. After the cold spell in the first half of the month it will moderate for a few days and then turn cold again. By cold weather, it is intended to say that it will be cold and raw for that month—not cold winter weather. Yours very truly,

C. C. BLAKE.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

With Mr. D. R. LOCKE'S splendid story, "The Demagogue," now running; with Prof. EBERS'S Biblical story of "Joshua," just begun; and with Mr. KNOX'S "Teetotaller Dick" in anticipation, not one subscriber whose time expires this fall should fail to renew. At the low price of only a dollar for so good a paper as THE BLADE, it is a sin to let it stop. On the contrary, every one should not only renew his subscription, but should send one or more new subscribers at the same time.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S remarks on steamship subsidies in his Cincinnati speech are well worthy of consideration, because they cover the ground that all intelligent citizens and the Republican party will take in the near future. Mr. SHERMAN said:

If you will stand by me—and I am not afraid to express my opinion on this question—I will tell you what you will do. You will charter American steamships to run from the United States to every South American country. Give them a bounty, if necessary, for carrying the mails.

Let us extend our markets there, that the surplus products of your manufacturers may find in those vast countries an open field in those republics that are growing rapidly by copying our example, and that invite us to share with them their prosperity; and if we will only do our part, we will build up a trade in those South American states that will rival and exceed our trade with the European nations. The Democratic party cannot be trusted with this policy. They are hide-bound; they are double twisted. They cannot be trusted with it; it would be "agin the constitution," and Mills and Breckinridge and all those fellows would shout: "No, it cannot be done; it is subversive of the constitution." And every northern Democrat would say, not without some grunting, "Amen."

IT is said that the Prince of WALES is afflicted with Bright's disease, and that his span of life can not be prolonged but a year or two. He will therefore never ascend the throne, for Queen VICTORIA, though old, is yet in a fair state of health, and altogether likely to outlive her eldest son. When the Prince dies, his eldest son, ALBERT VICTOR, will be the heir to the throne, and in the course of nature it can be but a few years before he will succeed his grandmother. ALBERT VICTOR is a young man, aged 23, of the genus dude, who is popularly nicknamed "Collars and Cuffs" in England, because of the large size of those articles of his apparel. He is not considered to be in any wise fitted for the duties of royalty, and his accession will give the republican feeling an impetus among his subjects. The present generation may see the throne swept away in favor of the rule of the people.

IT is well to remember what states hold elections on November 5, and the offices to be filled, in order to be able to give the proper value to the results as received on election night. The list is as follows:

Pennsylvania will elect state treasurer.
Ohio will elect governor and state officers.
Virginia will elect governor and state officers.
Mississippi will elect governor and state officers.
Maryland will elect comptroller and attorney general.
Massachusetts will elect governor and state officers.
Nebraska will elect a supreme court judge and two regents.
Iowa will elect governor, lieutenant governor, and other officers.
New York will elect state officers, except governor and lieutenant governor.

NEW YORK'S rich men won't put their hands in their pockets to raise a World's Fair fund, nor to build the Grant monument; but her workingmen, in two days, plumped $2,000 into a tin box attached to the telegraph pole on which the unfortunate lineman, JOHN FEEES, met his death from an electric light wire, for the benefit of his widow. The working people of the metropolis are all right. The abnormal selfishness of that city is confined to her millionaires.

IN 1878, when our national debt was at its highest point, it averaged $78 per capita. Now it averages $18 per head, and is steadily being reduced. In 1891 the 4½ bonds will become subject to call and will be paid, and in 1897 the 4s will begin to be paid. The new century will see but very little of it left.

POWDERLY ON THE RUM TRAFFIC.

Master Workman POWDERLY, of the Knights of Labor, in the course of a recent speech in Chicago, at which the Sunday closing of the saloons in that city was a topic of discussion, used the following strong but truthful language:

I have much fault to find with the saloon. Not with the inanimate, soulless thing called the saloon, but its traffic, its influence, and its consequences. I hope that the saloon will be compelled to close its doors Sunday, as all other sorts of business have to close. Aye, and I hope that the saloon will be compelled to keep closed from one Sunday to the next, and so on the year round. What good in the way of religion, of clothing the poor, of elevating mankind, has the saloon ever done? Whom has the saloon ever benefited outside of the saloonkeeper himself, and his wife and children, if he has any? It has been frequently said that the saloon-keeper is the one who most largely of any sort of business contributes to labor in case of strikes. Out of how much does the saloon keep the laborer between strikes?

True, every word of it, but by no means all that could be said upon the subject. The saloon is the curse of the working classes, especially in the cities; and it is also true that the workingmen, as a class, are its largest patrons. If every man who comes under the popular definition of the word "workingman"—which is commonly restricted to men who labor at mechanical trades, and to unskilled labor—were to refuse to patronize the saloons, two-thirds of them would be compelled to close their doors. They would cease to become profitable to their keepers.

It has always been a mystery to us why all the leaders of organized labor in this country do not, like Mr. POWDERLY, take an attitude of absolute and uncompromising hostility to the saloons and the Rum traffic, and bring their organizations into the same line. If no man were to be allowed membership in an union, or in the Knights of Labor, who used intoxicants, that very step would do more to elevate the working classes, settle their troubles, and improve their condition, both financially and morally, than anything which has been accomplished since these organizations were formed.

Mr. POWDERLY asks a question which is a poser to the Rum Power when he inquires "what good in the way of religion, of clothing the poor, of elevating mankind, has the saloon ever done?" None, and worse than none. Its mission is to degrade, not to elevate. Everything which panders to man's baser appetites and passions has a distinctly pernicious influence, and no one can claim that Rum-drinking satisfies any but a base appetite. Rum is the foe of religion, for no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven. It reduces the poor to rags, instead of clothing them. It degrades mankind, by reducing them to poverty, deadening all aspirations for a higher and better life, and making them content to wallow in the mire of selfish, bestial self-indulgence.

Well taken, also, is the point which Mr. POWDERLY makes, that the saloon has never benefited any one outside the saloon keeper, and his wife and children, if he has any. No man will deliberately go into this occupation, in the present state of public opinion, without balancing the money it will bring against the loss of caste, the odium it will bring upon him; and his selfishness wins the day. He makes up his mind to forfeit the good opinion of the better class of his fellow citizens in order to make money. No man can deliberately devote himself to the ruin of his fellow-men, through pandering to their appetite for drink, without putting himself outside the pale of respectable society, and antagonizing the entire moral and religious element of the community. He puts his very soul in peril for the sake of his ill-gotten gains; for we are told that though "offences must needs come, yet woe to him by whom the offence cometh!"

It requires a stifling of all that is noblest and best in human nature for a man to deliberately set up his selfish greed against the interests of every other individual in the community, against morality, and against GOD. As DANTE'S Inferno had over its portal the inscription, "Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here," every saloon in the land might well have the same written up over its door, for it is true for both drinker and seller. The latter knows that the money the workingman pays over his counter is just that much taken out of the mouths of the man's wife and children; that it means that much less food, less clothing, fewer comforts in their home and their lives. Does any sentiment of pity or compassion stay the saloon-keeper's hand? None; his life is devoted to furnishing the vile poison of Rum to whoever has the money to pay for it, and the privations of women and children are nothing to him so that he may gather in his unholy gains.

It seems to us that the real friends of labor can take no step that would do more to benefit that class than to take an attitude of sturdy, uncompromising opposition to the saloon and to the Rum traffic in general. They desire to elevate the condition of the workingman; Rum is the great cause of poverty and want. They desire to elevate the moral standing of the workingman; Rum is the determined enemy of morality, in that it is the parent of lawbreaking and violence, the inciter to vice, the stimulus to crime. They desire to diffuse education and enlightenment among the young; the saloon prevents this by absorbing the money of the father, which should be spent for books and suitable clothing, so that his children might avail themselves of the privileges of an education, which are free to all in our common schools. They desire that the righteous demands of the workingmen shall have a proper hearing and fair treatment in the halls of legislation; but a constituency which is the slave of Rum does not have that weight which an equal number of sober, intelligent citizens would have.

In point of fact, if the laboring world is to be elevated and its condition and surroundings improved, it must set its face like a flint against Rum and the Rum traffic. The first step in upward progress must be its own personal emancipation from the slavery of Rum. It must divorce itself from the saloon and all its influences. It must show that it can control its own appetites before it can come before the people with a demand that it shall control legislation. Let every workingman, then, set himself to the task of freeing himself and his associates from the thraldom of Rum. He who is the slave of his appetite is an unworthy citizen of a free land. We heartily wish that Mr. POWDERLY'S words could be taken to heart by every son of toil, that the vast army of organized labor might array itself with those already in the field, animated by a purpose to crush the saloon and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE New Jersey Republicans are making an energetic and intelligent campaign, and if the Prohibition voters of the state support the legislative and gubernatorial ticket it will win. The third-party leaders, however, are sounding the hewgag and begging them to stand by that party's ticket—in the face of the fact that every vote for the third party in New Jersey is a half-vote for the Democratic ticket. When it is remembered that the Republicans are pledged to re-enact the high license and local option law under which over two-thirds of the state had Prohibition, and which law was repealed by the Democrats, the consistency of the political Prohibitionists is plainly seen to be a negative quality.

THE Philadelphia *Press* has located "the Undiscovered Country," which it defines to be: "A Northwestern state where the Democracy has a chance of electing a Congressman."

RAISE CLUBS!

We are now prepared to offer greater inducements to persons raising clubs than ever before. We not only offer greater inducements than we have ever previously, but one that has a good deal of money for those who will get up clubs. Read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china teaset.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

But better than any of the above is our *cash payment* for a club, as set forth in confidential printed instructions which we mail to any one on application. This offers the largest price ever paid for clubs by any paper in the world, either this year or in years gone by.

We want *thousands* of persons to undertake the work of raising clubs for THE BLADE during this month, November, December and January. It will pay any one to write for our terms.

As an aid in raising clubs, if you will send a list of persons who do not take THE BLADE, we will mail each one a sample copy of the paper containing the first installment of Mr. KNOX'S new story, announced elsewhere. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WE NERVOUS AMERICANS.

There is a rush, a nervous impatience, about the American people collectively which is, to a foreigner, one of the most marked traits of the national character. Hardly an intelligent foreigner but remarks upon our restlessness, our impatience at losing time, the rush and hurry of business in our great cities. It is shown in a great variety of ways. It is a common but annoying thing (annoying to all well-bred people) to see a general exodus begin in a theater just before the curtain goes down. The newspapers scold periodically over this offence against good breeding, yet fail to note the real cause.

Those persons who begin to leave their seats before the curtain comes down, may save a few seconds of time in reaching the outer air, but it is at the expense of all those whose view of the stage is obstructed or their attention distracted by the provoking interruption. If one of this hasty throng were interrogated as to his motive in thus disturbing his neighbors by hurrying out, he would most probably reply that he wished to avoid the crowd; but as it is plain that when any great number of the audience join in the early rush, there is a crowd any how, it is clear that there is a deeper cause than the assigned reason, though the person himself may be unconscious of it.

In point of fact, it is one of the many phenomena having origin in the national nervousness, displaying itself in senseless haste and rush. It is the same feeling which prompts a man at a street-crossing to rush insanely over under the very feet of an advancing team of horses; that impels him to make a holy show of himself yelling after a street car and pursuing it for a square or two, in order to get aboard; that makes a driver push his vehicle over a railway crossing when a train at full speed is in dangerous proximity, rather than wait a moment or two till the way is clear.

The danger is braved, not because time is actually so valuable, but because there is a nervous aversion to the trifling delay; an impatient feeling that is aggravated by the consciousness of progress impeded, though but momentarily. It will be evident to the close observer that it is people of nervous temperament who find it difficult to remain in their seats till a play is entirely done, or who are disposed to take risks on the street to be the first over a dangerous crossing. They will risk their lives in the latter cause, yet stop on the other side to chat with a friend, oblivious of the passage of time.

This feeling is one easily understood, for the majority of Americans have a nervous predisposition; but it is none the less ill-bred in some cases, and childish in all. There is time enough, if we will only take it; and dozens of lives are sacrificed every year by a yielding to this restless feeling of wanting to be first over a crowded street or a railway crossing. Speed and hurry are by no means synonymous terms. It is a matter of observation that the men who really accomplish the most work in a given time are not those who are constantly in a nervous rush and splutter, but those who take things coolly and equably, yet waste no time in fussiness and fuming. This national characteristic needs toning down, and men would live longer and be happier if they would exercise proper self-control.

GET A WATCH FREE!

The attention of all readers is directed to the offer on the Trenton watch, in the Publishers' Department, fifth page. It is an excellent watch, and none have so far been returned under our warranty. It is the very best cheap watch in the market. We have several thousands of these watches, which we bought to give away to club raisers. To any one sending us a club of ten subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, and $10, we will send one of these watches free. We did not buy them to sell, but if any subscriber wishes one, we will send him the Weekly BLADE one year, and a Trenton watch, for $5. The watch retails in the jewelry stores at $5. Get up a club; you can earn yourself a good watch in a few hours.

A CLERGYMAN in Australia has originated—yes, a clergyman—a new dress for women. He objected to the gay apparel of choir singers as having a tendency to divert the thoughts of the congregation, especially the gentlemen, and he, therefore, has invented a gown which he will compel ladies in his choir to wear. It is a "cross," as it were, between the surplice of the boy choir and the gown of the clergy, including a cap. It is a question whether this arrangement will not prove more charming and attractive than the conventional toilet, and whether the pretty faces will not appear brighter and more distracting than in the old attire. The minister's plans may after all fail of their purpose.

IN curious contrast to President ELIOT'S jump into the free trade Democratic camp, is the fact that the seniors of Harvard have elected CLEMENT G. MORGAN, a colored man, as class orator, over an aristocratic and wealthy candidate for that honor. Evidently the students do not intend to adopt the political faith of their president.

SOMEBODY said something to the effect that Chief Justice FULLER would make a good Democratic candidate in 1892 for the Presidency, whereupon Mr. FULLER rushes to the front to announce that he isn't a candidate. Nobody dreamed that he ever would be a candidate in any effective sense.

THE Mormons are trying to colonize Arizona. Congress should see to it that the spread of the "twin relic" is checked.

THE THIRD TERM CRY.

In the absence of any real ground of objection to Governor FORAKER, the Democratic press of the state is raising a wild howl over the fact that his re-election would put him in office for a third time. They are insisting on this as though there were really some deep and deadly danger in his holding office for a third time. Is this true? We fail to find, by the most diligent search, that any one has specified one evil of any sort that will come upon the state from a third term. Why then this holding up of a third term as a bugaboo to frighten voters?

The whole matter had its origin in the effort to re-elect GRANT President for a third term. There were a number of Republican leaders who had the ambition to be President, and their supporters advanced the example of WASHINGTON in declining a third Presidential term, joining hands with the Democrats who were then shouting "Imperialism!" and affecting to believe that GRANT aimed at imperial honors, and that the third term would be but a stepping-stone thereto. They did not believe their own assertions, and every one now knows that GRANT would have been the last man to attempt a subversion of our form of government.

But while the example of WASHINGTON has had the force of an unwritten law as regards the Presidency, there has never been any opposition to three or even more terms for other officers. United States Senators frequently serve three or more terms—and the Senatorial term is three years. SHERMAN has served longer than three terms in the Senate. THOMAS H. BENTON served over thirty years in that body. Representatives very frequently serve three or more terms, of two years each. And the list of governors of states who have served three terms or more is a lengthy one. In point of fact, the third-term cry has never been advanced except in the case of the Presidency. There has never been any objection advanced in the case of other officials, till the Ohio Democrats began the howl against Governor FORAKER.

The gubernatorial term in Ohio is but two years, and three terms are but six—only half what three presidential terms would be, and only equal to one senatorial term. It is to be remembered, too, that the renomination of Governor FORAKER this year was on the spontaneous demand of the great majority of the Republicans of the state, as he was not a candidate for the place, and nothing but the overwhelming demand of the party compelled him to make the race. It is a fact within the personal knowledge of the writer that the governor did not desire the nomination, and accepted it only at the demand of his party.

The Cleveland *Leader* has taken the pains to collect a large number of instances in which governors of different states served three or more times, which we reproduce below.

In 1822 Albion K. Parris was elected Governor of Maine, and was re-elected in 1824 and 1826, serving three full terms.

John F. Gilman was elected governor of New Hampshire fourteen times, eleven times in succession, and declined a fifteenth term. The terms were of one year each; equivalent to seven terms in Ohio. John Langdon served five consecutive terms and William Plumer four in the same state.

Thomas Chittenden served as governor of Vermont for six terms of two years each in succession, and thereafter three terms in succession, a total of eighteen years. Isaac Tichenor was governor of the same state for ten years in succession, and Jonas Galusha for six years.

In Massachusetts, Caleb Strong, John Hancock, John Brooks, Levi Lincoln, and John A. Andrew, all served three or more terms of two years each.

In Connecticut, Jonathan Trumbull, Samuel Huntill, jr., Jonathan Trumbull, jr., John C. Smith, H. W. Edwards, and W. A. Buckingham served from six to fourteen years each as governor consecutively.

George Clinton was governor of New York for eighteen consecutive years, six terms of three years each, and four years subsequent thereto, a total of twenty-two years. Daniel D. Tompkins was governor of the same state ten years in succession, and DeWitt Clinton served three terms of three years each consecutively.

In New Jersey, Richard M. Howell, Joseph M. Bloomfield, Isaac H. Williamson, and William Pennington each filled the office of governor from nine to twelve years consecutively.

Thomas Mifflin, Thomas McKean and Simon Snyder each served three terms of three years each consecutively as governor of Pennsylvania; and Governors Wolf, Porter, Curtin and Hartranft two terms of three years each, equal to three terms in Ohio.

Maryland has eleven times elected a governor for three successive terms.

David B. Mitchell served as governor of Georgia three terms, Jared Irwin three terms, and Joseph E. Brown four terms.

In Tennessee, five governors, John Sevier, William Blount, Joseph McMinn, William Carroll and Andrew Johnson, served fifty years in all, an average of ten years each.

Governors Wright, Jennings, Ray, Noble, Morton and Baker each filled that office in Indiana for six years or more in succession.

Allen Trimble was appointed governor of Ohio in Ohio, and afterwards was twice elected, all in succession. Rutherford B. Hayes served two terms, and after the lapse of two years was elected to a third term.

Richard J. Oglesby, Illinois; Buren R. Sherman, Iowa; William Jones, Rhode Island; Stevens T. Mason, Michigan; Elias N. Conway, Arkansas; Isaac Johnson, Louisiana; Charles Pinckney, South Carolina; and Joshua Clayton, Delaware, were all elected Governors of their respective states for three or more terms consecutively.

These records of "third termism" cover the whole period of our national history and prove conclusively that there is not and never has been any law or established principle against the election of a Governor to a third term. It is all a notion, a superstition. Like every other superstition, it has its foundation in ignorance or prejudice, or both.

"TEETOTALLER DICK."

Read the announcement elsewhere on this page of Col. KNOX'S new story, and then do us the favor to sit down and send us the names and postoffice addresses of your friends and neighbors, not subscribers to THE BLADE, whom you think would like to read the story, or to have their girls and boys read it. You can easily get ten names and addresses on a postal card. Please do it at once, so that we may send them sample copies of THE BLADE, containing the announcement, immediately.

FROM Ohio, with the Democrats howling over the provisions of the registration law here, which they dare not pretend deprives any legal voter of his right to cast his ballot for whom he may choose, and to have it honestly counted, let us turn to Mississippi. The Republican state executive committee of that oligarchy has issued an address withdrawing the Republican ticket from the field, in which they say:

We knew that our votes would be stolen and our voters driven from the polls, but we hoped in the larger towns and cities at least, the semblance of free speech might still remain to us, but our candidates are not safely allowed to discuss or protest. Mississippi is governed by a minority despotism, and we appeal to our country for redress. The constitution that we adopted is the only one in the south so satisfactory that it has not been changed. Our laws stand substantially unchanged and unrepealed, but we are Republicans and this is our offense.

There is not the slightest doubt that, were an honest election to be held in Mississippi, that the Republicans would carry it by over 20,000 majority. But the Bourbon minority has control of the election machinery, including shot-guns and bull-whips, and the Republicans dare not run a ticket, much less vote for it. Yet the federal constitution says that Congress "shall guarantee to every state a Republican form of government."

THERE will be a strong effort made at the coming session of Congress to secure the passage of a national bankrupt law. The Torrey bill has been endorsed by numerous commercial bodies all over the country, and will be energetically pushed. The insolvent laws of the different states are by no means uniform, and many of them are extremely unsatisfactory in their workings, especially those which allow debtors to make outrageous preferences, which simply serve to cheat distant creditors out of their dues. It is a simple matter of justice to the commercial world that there should be an uniform national law, securing a just distribution of assets among all creditors.

HOW EASILY CLUBS ARE RAISED.

A great many readers of THE BLADE would doubtless like to have our tea set, or chamber set, or cook stove, but are deterred from trying to obtain them by the fancied difficulty of raising clubs. It is not difficult. We have always claimed that any person of energy can raise a club for THE BLADE within two days, and we are convinced it is so by the reports sent us by club-raisers. The following extracts from letters are samples:

WELLSVILLE, Oct. 25.—EDITOR BLADE:—It took me just about a day and a half to raise this club of 20 subscribers. Very truly,
EVA F. PETERSON.

MT. VERNON, O., Oct. 22.—EDITOR BLADE: It took my leisure time for about three days to raise my club of 20 subscribers. My work is painting, and I raised the club at odd hours. Yours,
E. D. WILLIAMS.

DEVON, KAN., Oct. 24.—EDITOR BLADE:—I was about one week, all told, raising my club (21 names), but I only put in a few minutes per day. I don't suppose it would have made over two days altogether. Yours truly,
G. T. LEE.

As to the value of the premiums, we print the following letters for the encouragement of those who think of raising clubs. Here is what one gentleman thinks of his Blade cook stove, which he received as a premium for raising a club of 20 subscribers:

TANGIER, Ind., Oct. 24.—EDITOR BLADE:—The Blade cook stove has arrived, and I must admit that it is all that you have ever claimed for it.

I expected something good, for THE BLADE never sends out any "clap trap;" but I take pleasure in saying it is, in every respect, *all* you claim for it.

Several here have examined the stove (kept it in the waiting-room at the depot a few days,) and no doubt you will get some more subscribers from here soon.

Wishing you every success, I remain, yours truly,
L. R. KELSEY.

P. S.—I would not take $5 for my bargain in the stove.

Another club-raiser, in Kansas, has this recommendation to give:

NORTONVILLE, KAN., Oct. 25.—EDITOR BLADE:—THE BLADE cook stove was received all right. I find it fully equal to the recommendations in THE BLADE, and it gives good satisfaction. MRS. M. J. KELLEY.

Here is a letter from a club-raiser who sent in 20 subscribers and took the china chamber set as a premium:

NEW PORTAGE, O., Oct. 24.—EDITOR BLADE:—We received the chamber set a few days ago and are much pleased with it.

Those who subscribed for THE BLADE are much pleased with the paper. I send a list of names for sample copies. Very truly,
W. P. WELKER.

And here are three letters from persons who sent clubs of 15 subscribers each, and obtained the Blade tea-set:

APOLLO, PA., Oct. 20.—EDITOR BLADE:—Received the ten-set all right, and am well pleased with it. HENRY TROUP.

NORTH INDUSTRY, O., Oct. 24.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received my premium decorated tea set all right, and cannot tell you how well pleased I am with it. It is a much finer set than I expected to get. I would advise every one in need of a fine set of dishes to get up a club for THE BLADE. Respectfully yours,
KATE GUEST.

WESTON, W. VA., Oct. 22.—EDITOR BLADE:—I have received the Blade tea set, of 80 pieces, and am well pleased with it. I feel that I am well paid for my trouble in getting up the club, and would take no reasonable price for it if I could not get another. Yours truly,
LAURA PETERSON.

ROSY SUNSETS.

The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, which pays much attention to solar phenomena, says that on Sunday evening last there was a brief but beautiful display of rosy light immediately after sunset. The light extended from the horizon to the zenith, and slowly faded as evening advanced. That paper says:

This rose-colored spot was one of the phenomena of the red light period, from 1883 to 1886. The return of the sunset glows was noted last July. It was seen about the same time by Rev. Sereno E. Bishop in Honolulu, and was also reported from New England. A brief note from Dr. M. A. Veeder, of Lyons, states that he has seen in *Nature* for September 26 a report of the reappearance in Europe last June of the glows about the sun that was so conspicuous in 1883 and following years. This reappearance of the rose-colored light follows the very pronounced solar disturbances of the first eight months of 1889. These disturbances were followed by a series of very severe storms the world round. No notable volcanic eruptions have been reported, although the volcano of Colima in Mexico has shown some activity. As the glows first appeared before the eruption in South Africa nearly a year before the eruptions of Krakaton, it was shown conclusively that the volcano had little or no part in producing the after-glows. It appears now, as in 1883, that the presence or absence of the after-glows depends on the condition of the sun.

THE overburdened docket of the United States Supreme court calls for congressional assistance to that tribunal. The annual term of the court begins with 1,325 cases on the docket, and no matter how prompt and industrious the judges may be, not more than 400 of these cases can be disposed of during the term. The chances probably are that not even so many will be reached. This will leave not less than 900 suitors who must wait a year or two before their cases will be heard, and most of whom have already been waiting a long time. There are only eight justices of the court, and there seems to be no remedy for the clog in the wheels of justice except an increase in their number. Experience for several years past has shown that the business of the Supreme court has far exceeded the time and capacity of the judges, and Congress at the coming session ought to give them the necessary relief.

IN New York city there is a political organization of workmen, called the "Legislative Reform" party, which has nominated several candidates for the state legislature. It has propounded publicly some questions to its candidates, which they are expected to answer in the affirmative. Here are the first four:

Are you in favor of the Australian system of voting? Do you favor the Saxton ballot reform bill? Would you vote for that bill? Would you, if elected, and the bill again passed the legislature, vote for it over Governor Hill's veto?

We do not see the necessity of nominating separate candidates on this issue. There is not a Republican legislative candidate in New York but can cheerfully and heartily answer these questions in the affirmative, for the Saxton bill, which is on the lines of the Australian ballot system, was passed by the Republican majority in the legislature, and vetoed by HILL the Democratic governor.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, is a scholar, a theorist, and by his life work separated from the busy throng of workers in the avenues of industry and trade. He is a free trader. Against his recently-enunciated opinion, Senator HOAR puts the opinion of BISMARCK, that "the marvelous prosperity of the United States is mainly due to its system of protective laws." We believe the mass of voters will have more faith in the opinion of BISMARCK, a man of affairs, well versed in the practical workings of governmental policies, than in the opinion of a college professor.

IT ought to be understood by this time that the free trade argument that carpet wools should be admitted to this country free of duty, as they did not come in competition with clothing wools and could be used only for carpet industry is a delusion and a snare. The most respectable manufacturers and wool dealers in the country have testified that carpet wools are largely used in the manufacture of cloths, and that falsehood is exploded.

IT is a fact that the free trade doctrinaires carefully let alone, that the United States leads Great Britain in aggregate wealth, and in total value of manufactures; and as Great Britain stands ahead of all other nations, it follows that the United States leads the world in these two items.

THE rainbow chasers are not all dead yet. Here come the Iowa Democrats, claiming that they will carry that state this fall! Hope springs eternal in the Bourbon breast, apparently. The same claim was made last year, with just as good grounds.

MILLS will be in Congress again this winter, but he will be shorn of the accidental importance he attained in the last Congress.

OUR FARM SURPLUS.

The free traders attribute everything of which the people of this country complain, to the tariff. Especially have they been voluble for the past several years in attributing the low prices of grain thereto, and in their preachments to the farmers that to break down the tariff will increase our export trade, and lead to higher prices for grain in consequence. It is a tribute to the high average intelligence of our agriculturists that they refuse to accept the plausible sophism.

The only reason for the low prices of the cereals which have ruled for several years is the fact that the world's production thereof has been greater than the world's consumption; that more grain has been raised than the people ate. It is to be remembered that there has been, in the past dozen years, an enormous increase in the vessel tonnage of the world, with a corresponding reduction in freight rates. Practically the whole wheat-producing areas of the world are on equal terms in their competition for the custom of those countries which have to buy a large portion of their breadstuffs. The price of wheat is no longer made in Liverpool, as it possibly was a quarter of a century ago. Chicago makes it as much as does Liverpool or London. In point of fact, the great shipping points are not *makers* of prices; the price is made by the varying relations of demand to supply—and in the great wheat centers this relation is first noted, and registered in the ruling price. Hence they are registers of prices, rather than makers of them. All the wheat brokers in the world, acting in conjunction, could not force wheat five cents higher per bushel for a week's time, in the face of our over-abundant crop, nor reduce it, were the supply limited as regards the demand.

The matter is one entirely beyond the reach of any legislation. So long as there is more grain raised each year than is needed for human consumption, no great improvement in prices can be made. And if every tariff law in existence in the United States were abrogated, it would not make the people of Europe eat one pound more of flour, or buy an additional bushel of grain. The boasted "foreign trade" is a free traders' mirage. The home market is the one wherein the farmer finds his best profit. We use at home 72 per cent of all the wheat we produce, and 98 per cent of the corn. The thing to do is to increase the consuming class here so as to practically absorb the surplus in feeding our own people. We do not need to increase the production of wheat in the United States, so much as to increase the number of the consumers thereof. The farmers do not get as good prices as they should, but it is not the fault of the tariff, but of the overproduction of the world's wheat-growers. They should diversify their industries; raise a little less wheat, and more of other things—flax, wool and live-stock, for instance. If the idea of the free traders should be carried out, the home market would be injured, while the foreign market would not be improved one iota.

THE MONTANA ELECTION.

The Montana situation is somewhat curious, because the majority in the legislature, and hence the politics of the two senators to be elected by that body, seems to depend upon the vote of a single contested precinct in Silver Bow county. That one precinct was a temporary railroad camp. On the morning of the election, the contractor in charge called his men together and made the following speech:

We have a new system of voting this year, and it is impossible for the bosses to tell how a man votes. Now, men, I have simply this to say, that unless a very large proportion of the votes which shall emanate from this box tonight are straight Democratic, every man in this camp may consider himself discharged to-morrow morning.

The deputy sheriffs sent to that precinct to preserve order were forced to leave, and the result of the vote, as reported, was that out of a total of 182 votes all but four were Democratic. The contractor's threat was thoroughly effective. It was a clear case of coercion, and the precinct should be thrown out. No honest man can fail to agree to this, whatever his politics may be. If it is thrown out, the Republicans have a majority on joint ballot in the legislature; if these votes are counted, the Democrats have that majority. The case has to go to the courts for settlement, and hence it will be some time before the political status of Montana can be definitely determined.

TO ALL GOOD TEMPLARS.

Your Order is devoted to the battle against the Rum Power, and is one of the great agencies through which the redemption of the land from its tyranny must come. Every one of you no doubt realizes that the watchword of progress in the temperance cause is Education! We must educate, *educate*, EDUCATE the people into a right understanding of the temperance problem; to realize that Rum is a poison; to recognize the traffic therein as the giant evil of our age and generation.

We ask you to read elsewhere our announcement of "Teetotaller Dick," our new temperance story, written expressly for THE BLADE by Col. KNOX. Having done so, we know that you will be glad to aid us in extending the circulation of this story among the people. We ask the proper officer of every lodge of Good Templars to send us a list of the members thereof, and every member to send us a list of his neighbors and friends whom he thinks would like to read this story. We will gladly mail a copy of THE BLADE of December 5, containing its opening chapters, to every person whose name and address are furnished us. Please do it *at once*, so that we may have the wrappers addressed beforehand.

WE have too much politics in Ohio to suit a great many people. This is seen in the comparative quietness of the present campaign in Ohio, and in the totals of registration, as a rule, in the cities, as compared with last year. The long and very exciting Presidential campaign of 1888 wearied many voters, and they are indisposed to take the proper amount of interest in the one now pending. It is an "off year," dispite the importance of the issues to be decided at the battle of the ballots.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the "tariff reform" issue was raised in the two Dakotas and in Washington, and the Democrats sought to conduct an "educational campaign," the Republicans seem to have "got there" in pretty good shape. Their majority on joint ballot in the legislature in North Dakota is 61, in South Dakota 101, and in Washington 91. That is pretty good for the first time.

ALLEN G. THURMAN is the most popular Democrat in Ohio, yet the ticket on which he was a candidate was snowed under last year by over 20,000 Republican plurality. Mr. CAMPBELL is indeed a "rainbow-chaser" if he thinks he can do better this year than the Old Roman did last November.

A NEW departure in jury trials is to be made by the two Dakotas. The constitutions of both new states contain provisions making an agreement of three-fourths of a jury a legal verdict.

SUPERINTENDENT PORTER has infused a portion of his own enthusiasm in regard to the census among the employes of his office. Three young lady clerks in the census bureau were married in one day recently.

WHEN the Fifty-first Congress meets, on the first Monday in December, it will be the first time for six years that the executive and both houses of that body are in political accord.

COL. KNOX WRITES

That "Teetotaller Dick" is Very Nearly Completed.

He Adds Some Interesting Details About the New Story.

Very truly Yours
Thos. W. Knox

As already announced, we shall begin, in our issue of December 5, a new serial story, written expressly for THE BLADE, entitled:

TEETOTALLER DICK;

His Adventures, Temptations and Triumphs.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS," "CAMP FIRE AND COTTON FIELDS," "UNDERGROUND," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," ETC., ETC.

Our readers are already familiar with the outline of the story, as it has been given in these columns; but we have received a letter from the author, from which we extract the following additional details, that will be found very interesting:

* * * * * * * *

I am getting near the end of "Teetotaller Dick," and shall write the closing lines in a few days. You have already had a summary of the story, so that there's not much more to be said.

In addition to the effect of alcoholic beverages from medical, moral, physical and social points of view, I have, as you are aware, touched upon the view which is taken of drinking by the life insurance companies. I obtained this directly from a medical examiner for one of the largest companies, and also from the experience of a personal friend of mine, who tried to get his life insured, but was rejected in consequence of his drinking habits.

The physical and moral effects of beer come in for full investigation, and I think I have thoroughly shown the fallacy of the belief that malt liquors are strengthening and nutritious. The small amount of nutriment that is to be found in beer will astonish many of your readers; it certainly astonished me when I went to the bottom of my investigations.

It is probable, also, that many of your readers will be astonished at the annual amount of the nation's drink-bill, as it is set forth in the story, from unimpeachable authorities. I have touched upon the present phases of the temperance question, and given the arguments of the strict Prohibit

IN OLD GERMAN TOWNS.

Experiences During a Nine Weeks' Vacation in Northern Germany.

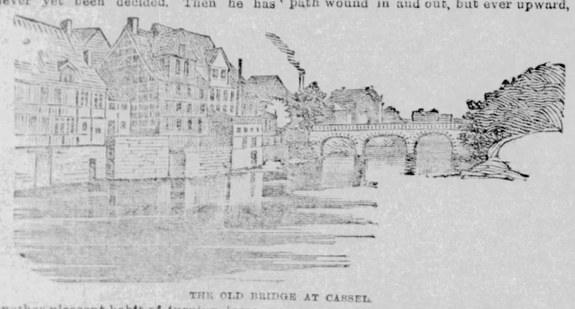
BY ROBINSON LOCKE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that there is so much of interest in and around Hamburg there is one thing badly needed to make it a most delightful place of residence. That one thing is better weather. It is safe to say that they have more kinds of climate in twenty-four hours in Hamburg than can be found anywhere else in Europe in as many months. Zurich, Switzerland, was the worst town in that respect in which I had ever lived, up to the time I went to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, up in the north of England. In that canny toon of coal and grindstones the weather clerk is out on a perpetual holiday, leaving the details of his business to a young and inexperienced clerk of a humorous turn of mind.

This deputy weather clerk amuses himself and surprises the easy going Novocastrians by such playful antics as turning on the fog faucet about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, making things as dark as a dungeon just at the time when light is most needed. Whether or not he stands in with the gas companies is a question that has never yet been decided. Then he has another pleasant habit of turning loose a cold wave along in the middle of summer, just about the time you have decided to discard your heavy flannels. Of course it would be a rank injustice to charge collusion with the doctors, but it is a matter of record that the rate of mortality in Newcastle is very high. As to the winds, he seems to have lost the combination to the safe altogether, for you frequently get strong breezes from four quarters and several halves at one and the same time. And these breezes blow cold when you would naturally expect them to be warm, and warm when cold would be more acceptable. In a word, Newcastle, in the language of an old resident there, has no climate at all, it has only weather—and I may add thereto the remark that as a general thing the weather is very bad, too.

But to come came back to Hamburg. We landed there in the middle of July, and found that a dozen bright, sunshiny, pleasant days just warm enough to allow one to be out of doors without wearing a light-weight overcoat. In the evenings, however, wraps were necessary. After the first week there was a change, a decided change, for the worse. It rained, and it blew, and the rain was cold, and so was the wind. During the forenoon the clouds would get just warm enough to allow one to come out long enough to entice you over to the exposition, or out to Uhlenhorst, or to Blankenese, and then without an instant's warning down would come the rain again. This was noticeable the case on the evenings when arrangements had been made to attend an open air concert somewhere. I suppose the good music I missed on account of this bad weather would be enough to last one an ordinary life time.

All the same, after this sort of thing had gone on for a couple of weeks and showed no sign, even then, of letting up, it came to be a trifle monotonous. True, there were plenty of places of amusement and instruction open during the day, and the cabs were very cheap. But in the evening things were different. The big barn of a room in our hotel was cold and dreary, and the only thing to do was to order a fire in what they are pleased to call a stove. Looks about as much like a stove as a Cleopatra's needle does to a base drum. A German stove is a curiosity. It is a great tall thing, reaching nearly to the ceiling, made of porcelain. Sometimes the porcelain is ornamented with figures and things, but mostly it is just straight, white porcelain. Down near the bottom of this monument is a little door that always sticks when you want to open it, and when you want it to stay shut, is always flying open to let some of the live coals fresco the floor round about it.



THE OLD BRIDGE AT CASSEL.

It takes a good-sized bunch of fagots, two or three newspapers, and, if the servant has nerve enough, about a quart of coal oil to start a fire in one of these porcelain affairs. Then you pile on the coal in the fire box, which is a trifle larger than a cigar box, and there you are. If the fire don't go out it will begin after a while to warm this mass of porcelain. About the time you feel some heat on the outside of the smooth white surface you discover that the fire is nearly, if not quite out. So you go through the building process again and make up your mind that this time you will watch it closely, so that it cannot go out. By this time it is so late you are about ready to go to bed.

You don't, however.

You are determined to see how much heat you can get out of that stove. So you quietly stuff the cigar-box full of coal, and, drawing your overcoat more closely around you, you sit down to wait for the blasted thing to heat up.

Meanwhile your two candles have been burning low and sputtering away to announce that their time is about up. Ringing for more candles, you become reckless, and, determined to drive away the gloom, you order the waiter to bring you two lamps—for which, of course, you find no extra charge on your bill in the morning.

The order paralyzes the waiter. He stares at you in open-mouthed amazement until you have beaten into his dense understanding that you want more light and want it quick, and then he retires.

In the course of half or three quarters of an hour, during which time you have several times replenished the cigar box, and are elated at finding you can hardly hold your hand to the outside of the porcelain tombstone, he comes back with the two lamps, which he impressively places in front of the mirror, hoping to beguile you into the belief that they make enough light for you to see how dark it really is. Between the poor light and the dismal future of the stove you are so disgusted, by this time, that in despair you tumble into bed and dream all night of brilliant electric light and roaring fires of natural gas.

It will not be wondered at when, after two or three weeks of this abominable weather, we picked up our grips one day and started south, having as an objective point the pretty town of Mannheim, where lives an old and valued friend.

The first stop was at Hannover, celebrated among other things, as the place where the purest and best German is spoken. I imparted this information to my wife just after I had ordered supper with that fluent, graceful Hannoverian accent that marks my faultless pronunciation of the language. She quietly remarked, when the waiter asked me in good English to please repeat my order, "Why, that can't be possible, dear, for this waiter, even, don't seem to understand your German." But then——

We only tarried over night in this town of good German, and the next evening put up at a neat little inn at Cassel.

Cassel is an extremely interesting old town, whose quaint old streets are full of still quainter buildings of by gone centuries. Near the center of the city is a large square called the Freidrichs Platz, ornamented by several statues, one of which is that of Landgrave Frederick II, the Hessian prince who, during the war of the Revolution, for a consideration of 22 millions of dollars, sent 12,000 of his subjects to aid the English in their attempt to prevent the formation of this great and glorious republic.

Around the platz are the old electoral palace, a dingy old pile, erected in 1770; the Royal Military school; the Museum Fridericianum; the Roman Catholic church and the Court theater.

One of the sights for visitors stopping at Cassel is Wilhemshoehe, formerly the summer residence of the electors of Hessen. From the platz in the center of the town a steam tram car bowls along through a well-built street four miles to a little station high up the hill, on the top of which stands the famous schloss or castle, surrounded by one of the most beautiful of parks.

It was early evening when we alighted from the car and began the ascent leading up to the schloss. The wide, well-kept path wound in and out, but ever upward, through a forest of grand old trees, till in about 20 minutes we reached the wide plateau on which stands the castle.

The view from this elevation is magnificent. The castle is almost semicircular in form. Standing at the rear in the center of the outward curve there is spread before you a panorama of wood and lake that sinks gradually away until far below you see faintly outlined the irregular streets of quaint houses that make Cassel, while beyond, way across the valley, a misty line of faintest blue, marks the tops of the long range of hills that hide themselves in the low lying evening clouds.

Just in front of you, at the bottom of the wide stone steps leading up to the balcony, is a well kept lawn, in the center of which is a pond clear and limpid. In the evening light. Graceful swans float majestically in and out among the broad-leaved water plants, totally indifferent to the sport of a couple of children playing on the banks.

Of course we were anxious to see the inside of the castle whose exterior was so picturesque. We had learned at the inn that the Empress was expected at the castle on the next day, and we had our doubts about being allowed to see the interior on account of the preparations being made to receive Her Majesty.

A HANNOVER FLOWER GIRL.

A soldier coming out of the schloss was stopped and courteously interrogated as to the possibility of gaining admission. He answered very politely that no one had been allowed to enter for the past week, on account of the arrival of the Empress on the morrow. As we expressed deep regret, he added that it would do no harm to inquire of the Castellan, pointing out the door of his abode on the ground floor. Thanking him for his kindness, we took leave of the soldier and made our way to the Castellan.

The mere word Castellan conjured up visions of a fierce, full-bearded, beetle-browed individual, whose chief delight was throwing hapless prisoners down into the dungeon deep, there to wear their weary lives away waiting for the summons to light and liberty that never came.

Then, when we came to the door the soldier had pointed out, the feeling of dread increased an hundred fold. It was a low door, with a high, sharp arch in the center, and as it swung upon its massive hinges it creaked in a funeral manner that sent the cold chills chasing each other up and down my spinal column.

The open door admitted us into a lofty room all arched and pillared in the style of the much talked of donjon keeps. Little oblong windows let in enough of the fast departing light to show that no one was lurking behind these massive columns. We were alone in the bottom of the castle,

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A QUIET CORNER IN CASSEL.

Learn to Say No.

I was early taught by my dear mother
That of all things a lad ought to know,
Of more import or use was none other,
Than to know at what time to say "no."

And her earnest words deeply impressed me,
In my heart they were planted to grow,
For it always has greatly distressed me
To behold one who couldn't say "no."

Yet to-day am I mourning and grieving
(With my training 'tis strange should be so!)
Just because a young lady last evening
Very sweetly, but firmly, said "no."

There Are Trunks and Trunks.

Muggins (to clerk in express office)—"I wish you would send a wagon to No. 27 Smallway street to take a trunk to the ferry."

Clerk—"Lady's or gentleman's?"

"A gentleman's."

(To assistant)—"Here, Bill, send a messenger boy around after this gent's trunk."—[Time.

A Serious Loss.

"What's the matter, Eddie?"

"Willie Thomas has gone and moved out of this street, boo, hoo."

"Well, don't cry, there are plenty of other little boys in the neighborhood to play with."

"Y-e-s, b-u-t he's the c-u-l-y one I could l-i-c-k.—[Life.

She was Inexperienced with Trusts.

"I see that a soda water trust is talked of," remarked a Pittsburger to his best girl, as they quaffed the sweetened atmosphere.

"Ah," she replied, "then if they would only trust us for ice cream, too, how nice it would be."—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Many Work at This Business.

"Cumso," said Fangle, "what is Jay Smith doing for a living now?"

"A contractor."

"Ah! In what line?"

"Debts."—*Time.*

Look Here, Friend, Are You Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightsweats, or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Florepteion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXXI.

AN OLD SURGEON'S STORY.

BY COMRADE E. F. COOK, SECOND MICH. INFT.

'Twas in a Southern hospital, a week ago, or more,
(God save us! how the days drag on, those weary days of war!)
They brought me, in the sultry noon, a youth whom they had found
Deserted by his regiment, upon the battle ground,
And bleeding his young life away, through many a gaping wound.
"My little hero," said a voice, and then a woman's hand,

Lay like a lily on his curls; "God give you self-command."
"Mother"—how full that thrilling word of pity and alarm—
"You here?—my sweetest mother here?" and with his one poor arm
He got about her neck and drew her down with kisses warm.

"Through all my pain (and ne'er I knew what suffering was before),
I only prayed to see your face, to hear your voice once more.
The cold moon shone into my eyes—my prayer seemed all in vain."
"My poor, poor deluded boy," she sobbed, her mother's fount of pain
O'erflowing down her gentle cheeks like thunder drops of rain."

"Accursed be he whose cruel hand has wrought my son such ill"!
The boy sprang upright at the word, and shrieked aloud: "Be still!
You know not what you say. Oh, God! How shall I tell the tale!
How shall I smite her as she stands": and with a mourning wail,
He, prone among the pillows dropped, his visage ashen pale.

"It was a bloody field," he said, at last, like one who dozed,
"I know not how the day began—I know not how it closed:
I only know we fought like fiends, begrimmed with blood and dust,
And did our duty to a man, as every soldier must,
And gave the rebels ball for ball, and paid them thrust for thrust.

"My veins ran fire, Oh, Heavens! hide the horrors of that plain,
We charged upon the rebel ranks, and cut them down like grain.
One bright-haired youth ran on my steel—I pierced him through and through,
The blood upspirted from his wound and sprinkled me like dew:
'Twas strange, but as I looked, I thought of Cain, and him he slew.

"Some impulse moved me to kneel down and touch him where he fell,
I turned him o'er, I saw his face, the sight was worse than hell,
There lay my brother—curse me not—pierced by my bayonet!"
"Oh, God!" the pathos of that cry I never shall forget,
Men turned away to hide their tears, for every eye was wet.

"Oh, Louis!" (the lad looked up and brushed away a tear),
"Oh, Louis! brother of my soul! my boyhood's fearless guide—
By the bright heaven where thou stand'st—by thy big hearted faith,
By these dear tears our mother sheds—by this my failing breath,
Forgive me for that murd'rous thrust which wounded thee to death.

"Forgive me—I would yield my life to give thee thine, my brother.
What's life? Don't shut the sunlight out, I can not see my mother—
The air blows sweet from yonder field, dear Lou, put up your sword.
Let's weave a little daisy chain upon this pleasant sward—"
And with a smile upon his lips, the boy slept with the Lord.

ELLSWORTH'S FUNERAL.

Hark! to the shrill trumpet calling,
It pierceth the soft summer air;
Tears from each comrade are falling
For the widow and orphan are there.
The bayonets scarlward are turning,
The drum's muffled-breath rolls around,
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's sound.

Sleep soldier, though many regret thee,
Who stand round thy cold bier to-day,
Soon shall the kindest forget thee,
And they from the earth pass away.
The man thou didst love as a brother,
A friend in thy place will have gained,
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be reined.

But though hearts that now for thee mourn sadly,
Soon joyous as ever shall be,
Though thy bright orphaned boy may laugh gladly,
As he sits on some kind comrade's knee,
There is one who shall still pay the duty,
Of tears for the true and the brave,
As when first in the bloom of her beauty,
She swept o'er the soldier's grave.

INDUSTRIES OF THE STATES.

The Standing of Each in Its Principal Product.

Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Alabama ranks fourth in cotton.

Arizona ranks second in silver.

California ranks first in barley, grape culture, sheep, gold and quicksilver.

Colorado ranks first in silver.

Connecticut ranks first in clocks.

Delaware is way up in peaches.

Dakota is the finest wheat-growing state.

Florida ranks third in sugar and molasses.

Georgia ranks second in rice and sweet potatoes.

Indiana ranks second in wheat.

Illinois ranks first in oats, meat packing, lumber traffic, malt and distilled liquors, and miles of railway.

Iowa ranks first in average intelligence of population, first in production of corn and first in number of swine.

Idaho ranks sixth in gold and silver.

Kansas ranks fifth in cattle, corn and rye.

Kentucky ranks first in tobacco, and has a world-wide reputation for thoroughbred horses and cattle.

Louisiana ranks first in sugar and molasses.

Maine ranks first in ship building, slate and granite quarries, lumbering and fishing.

Maryland ranks fourth in coal.

Massachusetts ranks first in cotton, woolen and worsted goods and in cod and mackerel fisheries.

Michigan ranks first in copper, lumber and salt.

Minnesota ranks fourth in wheat and barley.

Mississippi ranks second in cotton.

Missouri ranks first in mules.

Montana ranks fifth in silver and gold.

New Mexico's grazing facilities can't be beat.

Nebraska has abundant crops of rye, buckwheat, barley, flax and hemp.

Nevada ranks second in gold.

New Hampshire ranks third in the manufacture of cotton goods.

New Jersey ranks first in fertilizing marl, zinc and silk goods.

New York ranks first in value of manufactures, soap, printing and publishing, hops, hay, potatoes, buckwheat and milch cows.

North Carolina ranks first in tar and turpentine.

Ohio ranks first in agricultural implements and wool.

Oregon takes the palm in cattle raising.

Pennsylvania ranks first in rye, iron and steel, petroleum and coal.

Rhode Island, in proportion to its size, outranks all other states in value of manufactures.

South Carolina ranks first in phosphates.

Tennessee ranks second in peanuts.

Texas ranks first in cattle and cotton.

Utah ranks third in silver.

Vermont ranks fourth in copper.

Virginia ranks first in peanuts.

West Virginia ranks fifth in salt and coal.

Wisconsin ranks second in hops.

An Unconscious Cats'paw.

Brown—I always make it a rule to conceal nothing from my wife; I tell her everything.

Jones—Yes, and I can't say that I like you for it.

Brown—How so? Why not?

Jones—Why, your wife tells everything you tell her to my wife, and my wife just rakes me over the coals for it.—[Munsey's Weekly.

October.

Boston Courier.

The brindle cow, with half closed eyes,
No more stands knee-deep in the tide,
And with her tail whisks off the flies
That settle on her hide.

The brindle bull leaves not his feed
To chase o'er brook and knoll
The girl who carries through the mead
A crimson parasol.

In a Dude's Pocket.

First Quarter—"Hello! I thought I'd just drop in; are you alone?"

Second Quarter—"I'm a loan."

First Quarter—"So am I."—*Life.*

She Was Informed.

Foodlebhoy—"Not at home! Why, I told her I'd call this afternoon."

Footman—"Yes, sir; so she told me when she gave me the message."—*Judge.*

HE FOOLED HIS WIFE.

CONFESSION OF A YOUNG BENEDICT

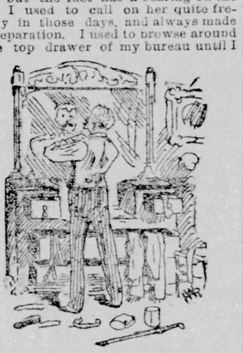
When Courting He Appeared the Pink of Neatness and Tidiness, but After the Honeymoon the Bride Discovered She Had Been Basely Deceived.

HE woes of bachelor life have been described in detail time and time again. Accounts humorous and pathetic have been written on the last collar button, the suspenders fastened with a pin or a nail, the bed that has not been made up for a week, the necktie that has fallen down behind the bureau, etc. I was a bachelor once, and have consequently been through all this.

The woes of married life have been described in poetry and prose. Due attention has been paid to the literary wife who runs off immediately after breakfast and remains away all day, to the society wife who lies abed until noon and drags her tired husband out nights, to the disagreeably cleanly housewife who makes her lord and master take off his boots in the vestibule lest he soil the hall carpet, and many other varieties of wife. But there is one species of worry and trouble that comes with marriage that I have never heard mentioned. Until a man gets used to it, it is enough to make him wish he could drop into some convenient hole; it makes him realize what a worthless wretch he is.

I am married and I know whereof I speak. I am very much married, two clergymen having done their utmost to tie the knot as hard and fast as possible. My wife has none of the failings married men are wont to rail about, but she made me miserable at first. At times I have walked along the Lake Shore drive and debated the advisability of throwing myself over the seawall to escape the torture. I'll tell you how it was, and see if other young married men have not experienced similar woes.

You see, I was acquainted with my wife before I married her. This is not a particularly startling or sensational statement, but the fact has a bearing on the story. I used to call on her quite frequently in those days, and always made due preparation. I used to browse around in the top drawer of my bureau until I found my prettiest necktie, skirmish under the bed until my shiniest pair of patent leather shoes was brought to light, pull down the clothes in my closet until I had secured my last and most stylish suit. When finally arrayed I came about as near being a dude as I ever knew how to exist, and would have failed to locate a speck of dust. All this had its effect, and my wife that was to be, as I afterward learned, frequently told her sister that one thing she particularly liked about George was that he was so neat and tidy in everything. Fortunately, during the time she never saw my room just after I had completed my toilet.



WHEN HE WAS A BACHELOR DUDE.

Well, we were married, and I said to myself: "Old fellow, now you've got to brace up." I had been telling myself for some time that the Lohengrin Wedding March would mark the beginning of a new era, and I meant it. I meant it just as much as the man does who determines he will stop smoking the first of next month. The bridal tour may be dismissed with few words. Everything was lovely on that. But when we returned to Chicago and settled down in the little house we had secured—then the ordeal began.

"Now, George," she said, "we settle down to the realities of life. I know how much depends on little things in the home and will do my best to make yours pleasant."

I had no fault to find with this and told her she could make it just as pleasant as she wished.

That was the beginning.

The next morning, when I got up to dress, I was feeling in excellent humor. We were in our own home, where we could do as we pleased. I whistled a few strains of the wedding march, and went to the closet to find my slippers. I ran my foot along a row of shoes that stood in the far corner, but did not feel what I wanted. The wedding march grew faint as I stooped down and began to pull the shoes into the middle of the closet, and it died out entirely as I emerged and got down on my hands and knees to look under the bed.

"I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING EXCEPT FEEL SMALL."

"There's the blamdest, meanest pair of slippers that ever were built," I suggested, with some force. "Those slippers can beat anything I ever saw at playing hide-and-seek. I never could find them under half an hour."

Then I looked up. Minnie seemed a trifle hurt.

"Why, I put your slippers right at the foot of the bed for you," she said.

I calmed down, kissed her and said of course I ought to have known, but I wasn't thinking.

"But, George," she said, "you haven't been in the habit of leaving your slippers under the bed, have you? I always thought you were so neat and tidy."

"Of course not, my dear," I replied. "I must have been crazy to look there. I always put them away in the closet."

"But that isn't the place for them, George," she protested. "There's a slipper case right on the door."

She looked as if she had been sadly disappointed in me, and I felt that I was a deceitful wretch, but I excused myself on the plea that we had been traveling so much that I had forgotten just where everything did belong. Then I continued my dressing, and got along swimmingly until it came to the question of a clean shirt. I yanked one out of the bureau drawer with scant ceremony and took a hasty glance around the room. Then I took a more careful survey. I looked behind the bureau, between the bed and the wall and explored the closet floor again.

"Well, by cracky!" I said, "I believe I've got the poorest memory man was ever blessed with. I never can remember where I ever put anything."

"What are you looking for?" asked Minnie, and there was a touch of reproach in her tone.

"The shirt with my studs in it," I replied. "I can't think where I put it."

"I put your studs in a clean shirt," she said sadly, "and it is lying on the foot of the bed."

Meek and crestfallen I came out of the closet.

"Do you generally throw your shirts on the closet floor?" she asked in a calm, chilly tone.

I didn't answer. I couldn't; I couldn't do anything except feel small enough to crawl between the slats of the blinds.

Well, that is the way things went on. I pulled down all the clothes in the closet to find a suit that she had carefully laid out on a chair for me; I eternally rulned the tidy appearance of a drawer in an endeavor to find a necktie that laid beside my collar on the dressing case; when I came home at night I searched every nook and cranny of the house to find my slippers, which were carefully placed beside my easy chair. Everything was in the most convenient place, but I never looked there. Minnie became somewhat sarcastic in her remarks about my previous habits of life, and I felt myself growing smaller and smaller, and sinking lower and lower in my own estimation. But Minnie continued to be attentive to my wants around the house.

"A pleasant home," she said, "depends so much on little things," and I, of course, agreed with her.

"Don't you think," she added sweetly, "that you would find it more homelike if I scattered your things promiscuously about the house?"

Then I felt meaner than ever.—*Benedict, jr., in Chicago Herald.*

CURRENT COMMENT.

Doff the Russets.

Put away the golden shoes
That our darling used to wear,
They're no good when ankle deep
The mud's in every thoroughfare.

This is a World of Mirages.

Rochester Herald.

When the late Samuel L. M. Barlow was living he was rated as worth $2,000,000. When he died his estate was put at $1,000,000, and it is said his own family thought it more than $800,000. It is now discovered that he scarcely left enough to pay his debts. There are a good many mirages this kind in the world.

Overcrowding the Country.

New York Sun.

Dr. Chauncey M. Depew is not at all afraid that this country will be overcrowded through the rush of immigration. He says that "the area of arable acres in the United States is 20 per cent larger than that of China, which supports a population of nearly four hundred millions."

The Champion of Civilization.

Philadelphia Press.

Chicago is fighting the battle of civilization in the Cronin case. Society has no more dangerous enemy than the secret society which commits crime. Such must be stamped out relentlessly or they sap the foundations of order.

Has None.

The man who pays his way ne'er frets;
Life holds for him much fun;
In short, the man who pays his debts
Of debts has never one.

Electric Wires.

New York Herald.

The only good wire is a dead wire—all others should be buried alive.

Where the Good Sleep.

Lawrence American.

The purest spot on earth may be
The happy homestead hearth,
But a church appears to us to be
The pew-rest spot on earth.

Food for Thought.

Memphis Avalanche.

So long as negro suffrage prevails the South will remain as solid as an iceberg.

A Monumental Abuse.

Philadelphia Record.

From the report of President Pullman, of the Pullman Palace Car company, for the year ending July 31 last, it appears that the surplus to be carried to the income account amounted during the year more than two-thirds of the entire operating expenses. The exorbitant charges levied upon the traveling public by this palace car monopoly constitute a monumental abuse.

Family Washboard—I'm broke; lend me a quarter until I get my day's pay to-morrow.

Family Razor—Should be glad to do it, old friend, but the fact is I'm always stropped on Sunday.

The Place to Die.

Washington Post.

St. Louis continues to offer the greatest inducements for death. There is now being waged in that city an undertakers' war, and the cut in coffins is bringing down the funeral rates to fair living prices. Go to St. Louis and die.

The Good Time Coming.

Chicago Herald.

There's coming up the path of Time a gracious epoch when
The better motives of the heart shall rule the deeds of men;
When politicians cease with lies to mend their party fence,
And office-holders heed the wish of their constituents;
When every one shall have the thought to watch the words they say,
When all our deeds and motives shall be open as the day;
With thieving, trickery, deceit and fraud we shall have done,
In that uncertain period when Johnny gets his gun.

Is the Insinuation Deserved?

Chicago News.

The Illinois Anti-Horse-Thief association has been holding a meeting in Springfield. As the legislature is not in session it is difficult to understand why it chose the state capital as a rendezvous.

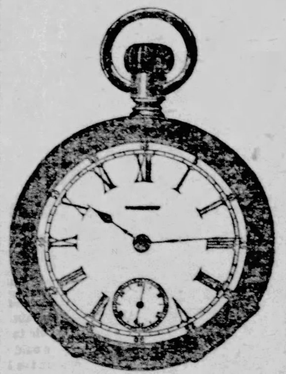
Tidbits Worth a Million.

Washington Star.

That offer of $50,000 cash to Jay Gould for the material to make a book of reminiscences was too generous by half. The reminiscences which Jay Gould is willing to relate in print are not the ones the public would pay any very large price for. It is those about which he prefers to keep silent that would command the money, and a million dollars would not be too much for a volume of such choice tidbits.

Publishers' Column.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send, hem postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube at *only 25 cents each.* When framed they are fine enough or anybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

Washington Entering New York. Representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolutionary war, 1789. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

The Angelus. By Jean Francois Millet. Just ready. The first published. A photo etching of "The Agelus," the celebrated painting for which an American recently paid, duties and all, over $150,000. Printed on heavy plate paper; size 24x38.

Either or all of above pictures sent postpaid by mail for 25 cents each. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight a the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

OUR CLUB LIST

We have arranged to club the BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

WEEKLIES.	Their Price.	With BLADE
Harper's Bazar	4 00	4 20
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 25
New York Weekly	3 00	3 30
Scientific American	3 00	3 65
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 25
Chicago Advance	2 50	3 05
Am. Bee Journal	1 00	1 90
Rural New Yorker (with seed potato)	2 00	2 50
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake	4 00	4 40
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 55
American Agriculturist	1 00	2 05
Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 55
Our Little Ones	1 50	2 10
Arthur's Home Magazine	2 00	2 50
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 25
Brainard's Musical World	1 50	2 20
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	3 45
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	2 50	3 00
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 05
Godey's Lady Book	2 00	2 40
The Century	4 00	4 55
Scribner's Monthly	3 00	3 50
Harper's Young People	2 00	2 60

We stipulate that we must receive AT THE SAME time one subscriber to the BLADE for each copy of any other paper ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, or even to the same postoffice.

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO OHIO.

FINANCIAL.

A RAPID ROAD TO RICHES; Stock Speculation; $50 to $5,000 margin. Ten shares upwards. Address Jackson, Sprague & Co., 30 New St., New York.

WANTED—AGENTS—New advertising machine. Just patented. Sells to every merchant and mfr. Big pay to active men. Sample work and terms, 10c. Are Mfg Co., Racine, Wis.

A Perfect Monopoly! Fortune in 3 years for steady workers. Either sex. Other work uninterrupted. Secret sample, 10c. "The Arch," 779 Broadway, N. Y. City.

COME TO THE LAND OF
BIG APPLES

Pears, Prunes, &c. Where the climate is so mild grass remains green during all the year. U. S. Census report shows Oregon healthiest State in Union. Rich lands cheap. Send stamp for Illustrated pamphlet, to
BOARD OF TRADE, Salem, Oregon.

PHOTO of your future Husband or Wife FREE Send stamp for Postage. Climax Co., Chicago.

$100.00 IN PRIZES

For crochet workers; full particulars in November issue of FAMILY ALBUM, 10 cents, of your newsdealer, or of the publisher, J. Henry Symonds, 29 Purchase street, Boston.

Wanted salesmen and agents to handle our "Rival" Fountain Pen. Best Fountain Pen made. Salary or large commission paid. Write for terms. Address Langhlin Pen Company, Antwerp, Ohio.

40 PHOTOS for gents only, 10c. Lover's Package, 10c. Gem Imp. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Agents wanted, $1 an hour, 50 new articles. Catalogue and sample free. C. E. Marshall, Buffalo, N.Y.

30 Stories (book form) and a large paper 6 months, only 15c silver. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Am. Pub. Co., Boyleston, Ind.

BOYS Send us 6 cents in stamps and we will send you, by mail, an article you can have lots of fun with. P.O. Webookey, Providence, R.I.

TELEGRAPHY—Complete course, $25. Send for catalogue. Address Northwestern Ohio Telegraph School, Lock Box 49, Ada, O.

WANTED!

A Live Man to represent a large Accident Insurance Company. Liberal terms to right party. Address Box 5285, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED—$5 to $10 per day, collecting small pictures for us to copy and enlarge. Satisfaction guaranteed and a $4 outfit free. Address A. Punner & Co., 56 Reade St., New York.

$10 a day. Agents wanted. Cat. free; 65c sample by mail, 30 assorted. Horses, owners buy 1 to 6. Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

PHOTOS—25 lovely beauties. Sealed. Only 10c; 25c. F. B. Teel, Middletown, N. Y.

ELGIN WATCH Genuine Elgin or Waltham or Illinois stemwind quick train watch, hunting case, solid, compensating balance, 7 jewels, patent dust proof and safety pinion, expansion or second hand in solid coin silver case, warranted for 20 years, keeps its color and runs like a lifetime. Price less than wholesale. Sent for sale for 60 days to introduce our solid gold watches. Cut this out and send with 25c. and we will send the watch by express, you examine it thoroughly, and if perfectly satisfied, pay the express agent $5.75 and not the watch or pay you do not pay a cent. Fine chain and charm sent free when cash is remitted. Address National Mfg. and Importing Co., 185 Clark St., Chicago.

GOOD BOOKS

Published by the Toledo Blade Co.

REDUCED PRICES.

In order to reduce stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before the next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for the BLADE should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without the BLADE, at the following prices:

NASBY IN EXILE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.25, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $2.10.

STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.00. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.90.

HANNAH JANE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill. Retail price, $1.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.75.

SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE," by Nasby paper. Retail price, 50c. Will mail copy postpaid, for 25c., or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.10.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES," cloth, 600 pp. Retail price, $2.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $2.00.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by Miss Emily S. Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $1.80.

"EKKO S FROM KENTUCKY," by Nasby, "ABOU BEN ADHEM," by D. R. Locke; "A PAPER CITY," novel by D. R. Locke; same prices and terms with or without BLADE as "SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE."

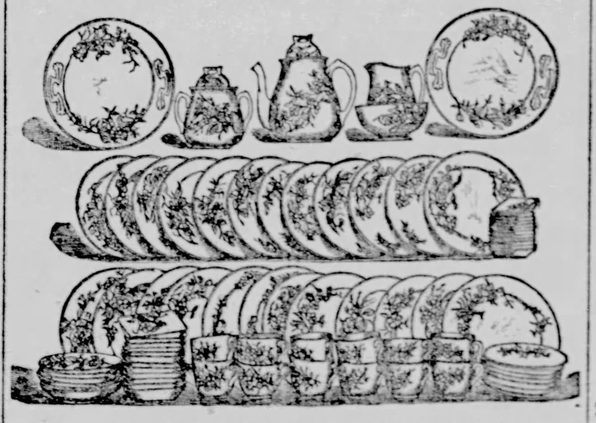
"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," by Miss Emily S. Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year, for $1.80.

Address,

THE BLADE, Toledo, O

Blade Tea Set.

Eighty pieces, handsomely decorated, in colors and gold band. Only $7.50 for this Elegant China Tea Set and the Weekly BLADE, one year! or we will present a set to any person sending us a club of 15 subscribers and $15.00, THE CLUB OF 15 NAMES ALL TO BE SENT AT ONE TIME.



We have contracted with the largest pottery in the United States to make for us a large quantity of Blade Tea Sets of Special designs and decorations. In so large purchases as we make for cash we have secured the lowest prices in the world for such goods, and at the same time we require the finest quality of ware, the best grade of workmanship, and the most artistic design of color and decoration. Twenty years ago none but the most wealthy could afford such a set as we here offer, but now we propose to place them within the reach of every reader of the BLADE.

This set consists of 81 pieces, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 tea cups, 12 saucers 12 fruit dishes, 12 butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot and cover, 1 sugar bowl and cover, 1 cream pitcher and 1 bowl. These goods are carefully packed in box by manufacturer, and shipped upon our order direct to the

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

"IF I WERE A WOMAN!"

How the Men Failed to Rise in Thought to the Occasion.

TWO weeks ago THE BLADE published a series of articles from a number of well known women telling what they would do if they were men. Most of them seemed to be an honest expression of opinion, through which, with one exception, I believe, ran the evident conviction that life would be much easier under such an arrangement, for customs so iron-bound as to be laws in effect, had made them feel their compelled limitations—limitations which we are bound to say, however, are growing less and less each year. They had a clear idea of what kind of men they would be, brave, earnest, chivalrous, manly men; showing what is woman's ideal, and that it is strength, the strength that is never cruel or brutal, which wins her admiration.

THE OTHER SIDE.

I was very curious to read what the men would say in their turn as to what they would do were they women. Those expected to express themselves were, like the writers of the week before, neither the best nor the worst of their sex, neither the greatest nor the most obscure, but all bearing familiar names to the public. The very first glance over their lines showed a most marked and vital difference from those of week before in the way the matter had been treated. It was approached in a jesting manner; it was handled with half-veiled laughter; it was treated with the lightness which characterizes all thought about a subject that has never appealed to the feelings. The women wrote with all sincerity and earnestness; the men flippantly and carelessly. The women could not make a jest of the differences which had compelled them to play the part of inferiors all through the centuries, that had made them wear a yoke of servitude which is no less a yoke even though advancing civilization has entwined it—among the best—with the flowers of love and kindness. To the men the very thought of being women, involved an absurdity so huge that they could treat it in no other way than as a joke, or else as an occasion for delivering one of those threadbare lectures which seem to do the masculine soul so much good, and which do not hurt us any, since long ago the sting lost its power.

I must except Will Carleton. In four lines he tells us what kind of women have been nearest to his heart; what the sort of companions among them he chooses; what mother, sister, wife and friend have been in his eyes.

"If I were a woman," he says, "I should thank God for considering my soul worthy of such an environment, and strive each day to show Him that his confidence was not misplaced."

That is all and it speaks volumes.

FORCIBLE CONTRAST.

A marked contrast to this is Joaquin Miller's twaddle, which has neither wit, nor wisdom in a single line. If nothing were known of his life, and of his relations to the women who have entered therein, the story could easily be read in what he has written here. If he had said something bright and piquant, even though severe, I could forgive him, but he must bang away upon the worn-out strings of the harp which has been played upon ever since that day when Adam forgot that he belonged to the "stronger" sex, and ought to resist temptation. Listen to this poet of the Sierras:

"What would I do if I were a woman? I would quit fooling with fig leaves. I would dress up once, modestly, tastily, with great regard for health and comfort and comeliness, and then I would rise up and try and do something else before the Day of Judgment."

Then take this: "Next, after I had given the clerks a rest and stopped running to the stores, I would try to stop talking so much and let the world rest mentally a little, as well as physically."

And this: "Yet here she goes galloping up and down, street car and store, store and street car, the same garrulous parrot as when she was the first to speak to the serpent; the same open fire-door sweet mouth and eat of the forbidden fruit."

If the incarnation theory be true, Joaquin will have to go through a good many more before he will be sensible enough to become even a "mop" woman.

TWO THINGS EVIDENT.

Chauncy M. Depew makes two things evident in his letter—the one that his mother and wife are women of spirit and intelligence whom he respects; the other that the idea of higher education for women has taken a long leap forward within the last few years. I think Mr. Depew bids fair to grow into the belief that a woman may be a man's equal intellectually, and also be able to acknowledge it without condescension.

Admiral Porter says if he were a woman he would be "just that and nothing more." That is a very Bunsby-like "observation," for to some men "just a woman" means something widely opposite to the "just a woman" of others. However, a line or two farther on sets one upon the track of his thought. "Man was made to work for woman; woman, to charm him in his hours of ease." To be "just that" in his night then, a woman must be a toy, something to entertain, to amuse him, something to play with, beautiful of course, graceful, ornamental, otherwise she could not "charm him in his hours of ease." I wonder how that sort of a "charm" would please him in the hours of work, of responsibility, of sorrow. Possibly he looks at it in that way, because he has had to deal with women who were so practical that they saw him only and always as a weak, erring human being who had no special claim to exalted consideration. Or his fate may have placed him in the companionship of one of the feminines who represent a perpetual "don't," and that fact colors his opinions. I say, it *may* be, for I do not speak from knowledge.

It is not necessary to go through with the expressed opinions of all of those who tried to put themselves into a woman's personality. I must confess to a feeling of disappointment as I read these effusions over, because the very smartest among them, always excepting Mr. Carleton, do not rise to the occasion, either in a spirit of gravity or in that of ridicule. They show no appreciation of the possibilities of a noble womanhood, nor do they make a witty exhibit of woman's weaknesses and foibles. The chestnuts which they offer have been handled over too often to attract attention. "If I were a woman" involves too violent an effort of imagination for them even to attempt an approach to a realization.

At one thing I am a little surprised. Nowhere in words was the ivy and oak fairy story mentioned, though its spirit was, here and there, visible. It always seems so hard for men to let go of this beautiful simile that its absence was noticeable. One of the best things that was ever said regarding it came from Mrs. Frances D. Gage, an early pioneer in the cause of woman suffrage.

"I don't know as I should have any objection," she says, "to that theory of the relation of the sexes which is typified by the vine and the oak if the vines all had oaks to twine on. But when so many of them have nothing to cling to but tobacco plants and whisky barrels, I can't help thinking they would do better to learn to stand up. Far better than our modern comparison of the vine and the oak is the classic type of the oak and the linden, into which Philamon and Baucis, that deeply devoted pair, were changed by the gods. The vine preys upon the strength which it adorns, but the linden spreading its free branches in the free air, stands near the oak in loving companionship, and adds to it the charm of its beauty without encumbering it or sapping its vitality with helpless clinging."

I am sorry the list heard from last week was not a longer one, and more representative. Yet the purpose was served of making pleasant and amusing reading for the friends of THE BLADE.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

FANCY CLOCK.—I want to tell the sisters how to make a pretty plush clock. Take the cover off a sugar box. Remember the bottom of the box is for the front of your clock. Cut a hole near to one end the size of your little nickel clock's face. Now cover the whole with plush, leaving the place for the face of your clock. Secure your clock inside. For the base take another sugar box, turn bottom side up, cover with plush, set your clock part on endwise a little back of the center, fasten, and if nicely done it is pretty. Velvet will do, with a pretty design painted or worked below the face and on the base of it.—MILLIE TUCKER.

TO PRESS AUTUMN LEAVES.—I would like to have the HOUSEHOLD readers know how I press autumn leaves. Heat your iron quite hot, you can tell after a little when it is about right, and take a little piece of beeswax and rub it on the leaf until it is all covered. Put the leaves in a book until they dry and they are ready to be made into many pretty articles. One way to use them is to cut a pasteboard the shape of a fan and fasten them on with mucilage. When arranged prettily this makes a pretty ornament to fasten on the wall.

I do not think a young lady should receive any attention from a young man who drinks an occasional glass of any kind of liquor.—ALICE.

AMATEUR ART.—Several weeks ago I noticed that some one wished suggestions for an amateur art club. I have misplaced THE BLADE, and do not remember the name of the person that wished the suggestion.

A good method is to secure interesting studies and models; for models very good plaster casts will do. To avoid the inconvenience and waste from the use of tables and desks, it would be well if each member of the club provided himself with a pine easel. Those who are uncertain as to their ability to use colors would find it to their advantage to make charcoal studies, for which they will need only some sheets of French crayon paper. In some schools it is the custom to make the drawings the exact size of the paper. The use of good text-books on art, either as a means of provoking discussion or to be read aloud at the end of the lesson is also to be commended.—MAUD DE VERE.

TIDY AND JUG.—A pretty tidy is made of brown linen, the sides are unstitched and the ends hemstitched and tied. On the center is embroidered a pretty spray of morning glories. The little jugs that prepared mustard comes in may be made to imitate terralin vases at very little expense. The jugs are covered with putty and a lump of putty is flattened out into a sheet like wax, only thicker; the petals and leaves are cut out and arranged on the jug. When the putty is dry it can be painted any shade that harmonizes with flowers and the flowers painted their natural color. Roses, water lilies, clusters of honeysuckle, etc., are very pretty. Will send morning-glory designs to any sister who sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope.—MRS. J. H. IRONS, Carl Junction, Mo.

The new edition of "Fancy Work and House Decoration" is now ready. It is full of pretty things for gifts, home adornments, etc., with a variety of knitting and crocheting patterns. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and sl, slip and bind; t to t, throw thread over; b, bind or sew off, to finish.

Crocheting: Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; picot: p c, ribbed crochet; c c s, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s n st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

FAIRY LACE.—Made of 30 cotton with rather coarse hook, will be five and one-half inches deep, suitable for aprons, curtains, etc. First row—ch 18—*—2 tr in 3rd st from hook—ch 2—2 tr in same stitch (this is a shell)—ch 13—skip 13 stitches and make shell in 14th st—1 tr in last st of ch; 2nd row—ch 3—shell in shell—ch 13—shell in shell; 3rd row—same as 2d row; 4th row—ch 3—shell in shell—ch 8—you now have 4 chains of 13—catch the 8 ch around them by 2 tr in center st of first 13 ch—turn—1 s c in each ch—putting it through the back loop so as to form rib. Repeat until you have a block of 6 rows of 8—shell in shell—1 tr in 3 ch of last row; 5th row—ch 3—shell in shell—ch 13—shell in shell—ch 1—3 tr in loop made by 3 ch in last row—turn; 6th row—ch 3—3 tr in loop made by 1 ch of last row—ch 1—shell in shell—ch 13—shell in shell—1 tr in 3 ch of last row; 7th row—ch 3—shell in shell—ch 13—shell in shell—ch 1—3 tr in first loop—ch 1—3 tr in loop made by 3 ch in last row; 8th row—turn—ch 3—3 tr in first loop—ch 1—3 tr in second loop—ch 1—shell in shell—ch 13—shell in shell—1 tr in 3 ch of last row; 9th row—ch 3—shell in shell—ch 8—fasten by 2 tr to corner of square, over the four 13 ch's—turn—s c in each stitch of 8 ch—make 5 more rows of s c—shell in shell—ch 1—3 tr in first loop—ch 1—3 tr to end—now turn; 10th row—ch 3—3 tr with 1 ch between to top of scollop—shell in shell—ch 13—shell in shell—1 tr in 3 ch—turn; 11th row—ch 3—shell in shell—ch 13—shell in shell—*—ch 13—tr in every loop to end of scollop—turn; 12th row—ch 3—3 tr and 1 ch back to scollop—shell in shell—ch 13—shell in shell—1 tr in 3 ch—turn; 13th row—ch 3—shell in shell—ch 13—shell in shell—*—ch 1—3 tr in every loop to end—turn; 14th row—ch 3—*—3 tr with 1 ch back again—shell in shell—ch 8 fasten by 2 tr to end of last square over the four 13 ch's—turn—1 d c in each of 8 ch—work 5 rows more of s c—shell in shell—1 tr in 3 ch of last row; 15 row—ch 3—shell in shell—ch 13—shell in shell—ch 4—1 tr in first loop of scollop—*—ch 4—1 tr in next loop—repeat 3 times more—ch 4—2 tr—2 ch—2 tr in end loop—*—1 tr in loop to top of scollop—then s c in loop made by 2 ch in second row—turn; 16th row—ch 3—*—3 tr—2 ch—3 tr in first loop—4 ch—skip one loop and repeat clear around the scollop—ch 2—shell in shell—ch 13—shell in shell—1 tr in 3 ch—turn; 17th row—ch 3—shell in shell—ch 13—shell in shell—ch 2—shell (as in 16th row) in first shell—*—1 tr ch 5—shell in shell all around scollop, fastening the last in the loop at the end of the very first row—turn; 18th row—ch 3—1 tr in shell of last row—ch 5—s c at top of tr (to form a point)—*—1 tr—ch 5—s c at top of tr—do this until there are 6 tr's and 5 picots—ch 3—s c into the 2 ch of last row—ch 3—*—1 tr into shell—ch 5—s c in top of tr—repeat like first scollop all the way round—ch 3—shell in shell—ch 13—shell in shell—1 tr in 3 ch of first row—turn. Repeat from second row. Very pretty.—MONTANA MAY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHE SYMPATHIZES.—"Jeanie's" letter in a recent BLADE will awaken a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the sisters who, like her, dwell in the woods. Here in this lovely Oregon country the fiend has been "getting in his work," albeit not so extensively as in "Jeanie's" forests. All the smoke from Washington territory's flaming towns and forests drifted in here and, in addition to our own, hid the sun from view and hung like a dense fog along the valley, giving everything a weird, unnatural appearance. And then a high wind would spring up, driving away the smoke and letting us see the stars at night and the distant fires. From my door at one time I counted five; some near at hand, some faintly visible in the far distant peaks, but all doing incalculable damage.

"Do you hear those fires over there?" Bless you, nobody knows. From hunter or fishermen's camps, or a carelessly emptied pipe, perhaps, but more often deliberately set out to burn out the underbrush and give the grass a better hold. But how it pains one to see these fine forests sacrificed. Here we have magnificent oak groves without even a bush growing among the grass underneath, and every beautiful brook that rises in the far gorges and comes flashing and sparkling across the valley, marks its way to the river with a belt of the thickest and richest of green, such as is only shown by trees whose feet are bathed in the cool current of a mountain stream. Along the grassy edge are paths where the deer come to drink, and where those being harrassed and weary of the struggle with the world can come and sit and feel alone with the Creator, coming forth strengthened and encouraged to meet whatever the future may bring.

One exquisite nook, very near my home, is made by a brook which rises in the side of a mountain but a short distance from the river, and comes leaping and foaming down to dash against the railroad embankment, thence through a culvert, and then spring swiftly over the high, wooded bank into the green and glassy Umpqua. But, though its journey be brief, no poet's pen or artist's brush can depict the beauty of its surroundings. Lofty fir and cedar trees tower above it, magnificent oak and myrtle cast their cooling shade, a thousand lovely lesser trees and shrubs cluster close and dip their glossy leaves into its spray while in their season, fine mosses holds up her waxen stars, and the exquisite climbing roses spread their fragrant scarlet or snow white blossoms over all.

But under all this rich and living beauty, dry "needles" and pine cones are lying, here a dry bough, there a dead tree. A fire carelessly or maliciously started, in a brief space would blot out all that makes this glade enchanting and leave naught but blackened trunks to tell the tale. Do you wonder that "Jeanie" and I in common with thousands of other sisters dread the forest fires?

Mercy! I had no idea I had written so much, but I must say one thing. I ascended a very lofty mountain not long since, and brought down many curiosities, which I should like to send to the HOUSEHOLD sisters if any way could be devised by which I could avoid being deluged with letters after my supply was exhausted, and probably being branded a fraud for not responding.—M. E., Oregon.

FLOWERS FOR THE CEMETERY.—To have flowers early in spring in the cemetery some work must be done during the fall months. It may seem strange to some to make garden during the autumn, but that is the only way to have flowers very early in spring. The snowdrops, crocus and some others bloom as soon as the snow is melted off by "Old Sol's warm kisses.

It is always well to have perennial plants on a grave, for while annuals are very pretty, they do not bloom as early in spring as the hardy bulbs, and if from absence from home or illness, the cemetery lot does not receive that kind care, there is still sure to be something pretty there.

The varieties of hardy bulbs for cemetery planting which we have found do best here, requiring no care after being planted, coming up and blooming year after year are the snowdrops, white crocus, blue scillas, white and blue hyacinths (double and single), double white and poet's cup narcissus, white lilies and lily of the valley. The white lillies bloom in June after the others are done blooming.

Another very beautiful plant which blooms in autumn is the hyacinthus candicans which is very hardy. The flower stalk is from 2 to 3 feet high from which the pretty white bells drop, over half the stalk being covered with them. This is a yard a perennial plant which is a great favorite here. The flowers are pure white the size of a dime, very double, produced in clusters. Its time for blooming is from June until October. Where the hardy perennial bulbs are planted, may be also annuals, as after the bulbs are set seeds of white flowers, such as phlox drummondii, sweet alyssum, candy tuft, pansies and pinks, may be scattered over the ground, but not covered, and will come up and begin to bloom by the time the earlier flowers are gone.

A popular southern writer says: "The graveyard of a town will tell what kind of people live there. It is a sure sign. Neglected graves are a bad advertisement for any community," to which I would add one question: Do we bury our love with the bodies of our friends, who are "only gone before" A neglected grave is one of the saddest sights, a reproach to the living, a slight to the dead.

Never try to make flowers grow on a high mound, as they will only prove a disappointment. The grave may be slightly raised to define it, but should never be over four inches higher than the surrounding ground, as the flowers will winter kill or dry out so quickly during the summer season as to spoil them.

I have received a great many letters on this subject, and take this way of answering them, as I have not leisure to write a separate letter to each one.—FRANCES B., West Branch, Mich.

IN OREGON.—When we lived away back East, we used to read letters from Oregon with interest, and a little envy. Finally willing to sacrifice some hing for the sake of escaping the severe winters we crossed the mountains, and are very thankful that we did so. This letter is for poor working people who intend coming here. People here are a great deal more comfort set. They farm after a fashion, but do not expect to make much out of farming, as much of the soil is becoming exhausted. They depend more upon their bands of horses, cattle and hogs, which find their own living in the foot-hills and mountains until driven up for sale. The best fruit is used and marketed—the inferior goes to waste.

Of course the man without land has to work as hard as he would anywhere but a family ought not to come here without enough money to buy at least a few acres near open range. With that secured they can be sure of comfort and if they are industrious they can make money. Lumber is cheap and their buildings would cost but a trifle. A good roof is the main thing, the sides are of small importance in this mild climate where housepaints stand outdoors all winter without damage.

But the new comer must bring eastern thrift with him.

The cows here run with their calves and butter is shipped in and sold at a high price. "It is too much bother to raise calves by hand." The new comer's cows will get their living in the woods and true butter will be a clear profit. Poultry is very profitable when cared for, but not much attention is given to it and the poor fowls perch in the trees all winter in the chilling rains. Of course they do not furnish eggs under such treatment, and eggs shipped in cost something. A family with children to look after turkeys could make very largely, as they require no food after the first two weeks and are fat in the fall, bringing from 15 to 18 cents per pound. In addition, males and females can get work at good wages, if desired. Game is quite abundant, and if a hunter goes back into the mountains he can get larger game than deer.

In conclusion, will say that I wish every poor family could own a few acres here where rent, fuel and fruit cost nothing, and where they could enjoy health and happiness.

If THE BLADE wishes a longer letter on this subject, I will write it.—SUE, South-western Oregon.

YOUNG MINISTERS.—There is no one who reads with more care the various articles in the HOUSEHOLD. I have done this for five years, and I feel when I have finished each paper I have learned a vast amount.

I find all vocations discussed, unless it is that of a minister. And I have read with great interest the teachers' correspondence, because I once acted in that capacity. I have now entered the ministry, and I should be so glad to see something from one of my calling, especially of the C. P. denomination. This is such a glorious work I know our editor will give it some notice.

This is my first writing, with one exception; and if this escapes the waste basket, with the editor's consent I will write again, and tell something further concerning ministerial work.—W. M. H., Rumble, Ind.

PLEASURE TO THE DESERVING.—Since your doors are wide open we enter with a request. In a lovely valley in Tennessee stands an old-fashioned cottage, occupied by a retired home missionary (aged 83), his wife and an adopted child. Their former life of activity and usefulness is passing away, and in feeble health the days pass wearily.

Let us send a ray of sunlight into their home. They are particularly fond of engravings of every description. We will send them a very large blank scrap book, asking those of THE BLADE family who are willing, to contribute the pictures; thus in receiving and arranging the simple gifts, the aged ones will, in a measure, forget their loneliness.

You can send by mail, add your address to your gift, and in January I will report to you through THE BLADE. Please cut out the address of the missionary, Mr. O. LYON, Rhea Springs, Rhea county, East Tenn.—OHIO MOSS.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one please tell me how to paint on satin and plush in oil colors? I have tried to paint on satin, but it always spreads. Also, how is the brush used in painting on plush? "MONTANA MAY." In brocade painting, do you paint flowers in oil colors, shading them as usual, and then sprinkle the whole picture with one color of brocade, or different color brocades to correspond with colors in the painting? Are land capes ever painted in that way? When one is asked to play the piano what is proper to say?—ENID.

Say "With pleasure," and go without hesitation and play as well as you can.—ED.

Would any reader of the HOUSEHOLD be kind enough to tell me what to do to cure wetting the bed? I wish a good, tested recipe.—AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Will some one mail to my address any old reading matter which they may have on hand, such as *Harper's Weekly*, Cincinnati *Enquirer*, *Scientific American*, Toledo BLADE or any weekly city paper or monthly magazine which they would not mind parting with? I will pay postage.—E. M. HEATH, Jamestown, Idaho.

What will rid cupboards or pantries of small ants which infect pies, cakes, etc.?

Have male subscribers the same liberty of asking or answering questions of importance in HOUSEHOLD department that the ladies enjoy?—O. T. H.

They have.—ED.

Will some one who is living in the far west write to us? We would like to learn something of the country. Our ages are 16 and 18 years. We have been readers of THE BLADE only one year, but like the paper so much will try never to be without it again. Address either Lulu Davenport or Vona Mills, Hartford, Mich.

Will some one send a good cracker recipe?—X.

Will some one tell me how to prepare vegetable peach (or mango melon) for table use or for canning? When are they used, when ripe or green, and are the seeds taken out?—W. VA. READER.

Will some one tell me how to do crayon work (pastile)? It is done with colored crayons.

Will some one give me a recipe for a good sauce for plum pudding?—KINSAS FARMER'S WIFE.

Owing to sickness and failure in crops my good man and I find it hard to get along out here in this rocky part of Missouri. Now if any of the sisters, or even brothers, that God has blessed with plenty have any of those laid aside garments that I could make over, if necessary, or for children—some that have been outgrown. I have three boys and one girl five years old; the boys seven, three and one. They often tell me they would like to go to Sunday-school, and I thought by the aid of diamond dye and a little skill on my part I might send them. Should any one desire to assist me, if they will make it known through the HOUSEHOLD department, giving their address, I will send them my address and feel thankful.—JOHN'S WIFE.

Will some one tell me what cast off means in knitting lace?—KANSAS GIRL.

Will the readers of THE BLADE send me some story papers and reading matter?—B. F. SPRINGER, Colfax, Wis.

Will some one tell me how to color black on thick woolen goods?—A READER OF THE BLADE.

This has been answered regularly each year. We hope everyone who ever colors her goods will cut out the answer when given and keep it in her scrap book. We publish the method again hoping to have something new.—ED.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

MRS. A. M., Pittsburg, Pa., the tea set offered by THE BLADE as a premium for clubs is all and more than is claimed for it. The editor of the HOUSEHOLD can vouch for its beauty and utility. There are 80 pieces, all of good shape and medium size, and prettily decorated. The members of the HOUSEHOLD who have received the set express great gratification, as well they may, as it is worth working for.—ED.

If the sister boils her custard in a little pail set in a bottle of water, and covered tight, it will be light and spongy. Don't beat your eggs much.—MOLLIE TUCKER.

The HOUSEHOLD will be glad of all the good things which you can send.—ED.

"Daisie Wild," if you are a beginner your best way is to send your articles, whatever they may be, to the paper or magazine to which they seem best adapted. If they should be returned send to others, again and again, always enclosing postage. If they have merit, some one will be likely to see it first or last. You may not be able to command remuneration in the beginning, but your object is to get before the public.

Should you have written a book then you must write to some publisher of good standing, asking him to examine your manuscript with a view to bringing it out. The rule holds good here also, as to trying again and again.—ED.

I should like to say in reference to the numerous requests for "crazy patches," "crazy" etc., that I think some of us find a greater demand than supply. Look around you, and you can find some infirm old grandma who will be delighted with your "crazy" scraps, or some invalid whose lonely hours would be shortened by the reading you are done with. I loan out all my books and papers until they are worn out, and all the colored cards (also used for) I donate to the sick or some poor little children who do not have many pleasures in life. Yet I will at any time send anything in the lines spoken of to either an old person or a "shut in," and pay my own postage. Wish some one would send pattern for a chair tidy to THE BLADE, and thus oblige—M. E.

We commend the above heartily.—ED.

Will any of the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD help me? I am a dressmaker and I want to go to Iowa, but as I have no friends there, though I have the plan, I would like to correspond with a number of ladies from different parts of the state of Iowa, those that would like to help a poor girl. I can do all kinds of plain sewing. I am 19 years of age. I will pay all postage for those that will kindly help me find a situation, and oblige a girl in need. Address, ANNA GIVENS, Atkinson, Ill.

Ground ivy is a low, creeping vine, with circular, scalloped leaves that start out from opposite sides of the vine. It has a small blue flower and a strong odor, grows wild in many parts of northern Ohio. A nice plant for rock work or hanging baskets, but if it once gets a start in your yard, it becomes a troublesome weed.

I noticed in the HOUSEHOLD of your paper of September 26 an inquiry, signed "Mother," asking if any of its readers knew of a girl between the age of 8 and 13 that wanted a home. I know of just such a one. If the lady desires to know anything about her, can communicate with me.—MRS. D. B. WELLS, 193 N. Din street, Buffalo, N. Y.

If the lady who is lamenting the disappearance of the "band-box" for her bonnets would use in its place thick wrapping paper made round and high enough to cover without pressing upon any of the trimming, she would find it "very handy," and a good protection for her hats and bonnets. She can keep them on clothes-room shelf, and when not in use set this cover over them, and they are safe.—MRS. ZELDA HANER.

MRS. Oberry, Chestnut, Ill.: When I am making wheat bread I take a portion of the sponge and mix up, not too stiff with rye flour, and proceed the same as for wheat bread, and my family call it good.—MRS. M. C. NANGLE, Air Line Junction, O.

RECIPES.

TO KEEP PUMPKINS.—As we are all old-fashioned enough to like pumpkin pies, I will tell THE BLADE readers how to keep it all winter. I put my pumpkin in the kettle and stew it, and when it has cooked pretty well, I sweeten it about as much as I think will make right for pies. It is a little nicer sweeted with sorghum, but when I haven't it I use brown sugar. Then put it in the dripping pans and put in the oven, stirring it every little while so that it will not burn. I dry it down quite thick, and when it is dry put it in a jar and pack it down good and smooth. When you have your jar as full as you wish it, pour a little sorghum over the top of the pumpkin, enough to cover it well. This will keep it from moulding, then set it in a cool place. When you wish to make pies, take the pumpkin the night before you wish to use it, and put it in sweet milk. In the morning it will all be soft and nice, ready for pies. Make the pies the same as you would any pumpkin pie.—MRS. KITTIE HOWELL.

PICKLED CABBAGES.—In answer to MRS. Lowe on inquiry how to pickle cabbage, let me give an excellent recipe: Take off all injured outside leaves of the cabbage and quarter it, leaving the quarters firmly together by the stump of the cabbage; make a weak brine of salt and water and boil the cabbage in that brine till tender, take it out in a colander and let it drain thoroughly. Now, for a five gallon crockful of the pickled cabbage, take 3 quarts of good vinegar, 1 quart of brown sugar, 1 oz. of ground cloves, 1 oz. of cinnamon, 1 oz. of allspice, 1 oz. mustard, 1 oz. of black pepper, 1 oz. red pepper. Put all these spices in a bag, and in the vinegar and boil ½ hour. Now, if the cabbage be well drained put back in the vinegar and boil till it is all cooked well, and so continue until all is done. Then pack in a jar and turn the liquid over them. They pack down very solid and usually the amount of liquid will be sufficient to cover them. When not enough, I take more vinegar and sugar, in the same proportion, boil together and turn on. Then put a dinner plate on, and when cold, tie firmly over the top thick paper. Cabbage prepared in this way, is always nice for the table, always ready for use, and will keep well for months. It may seem a good deal of work, but I never saw an easier way as good. I use my boiler to pickle cabbage in, it is so much more convenient, and I usually begin towards night of one day, so to let the cabbage drain all night, for if much brine were left in, it would kill the life of the vinegar, and then it is a good step towards the finishing, so we can finish early next day.—KANSAS FARMER'S WIFE.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

NEWARK, WIS.	
Milton C Hendee	Willie Hunter
Edwin A Hurley	Eddie Hubbard
Minnie Hurley	John Hubbard
May Bartlett	Allie Russel
Hattie Blackmer	Edna Cripliver
Emma Engebretsen	Louis Cripliver.
Effie Blackmer	NO PLACE GIVEN.
Otto Engebretsen	Elmer Weiss
Gracie Carpenter	Rudy Hasselkus
Willie Engebretsen	Carl Hasselkus
Gilbert Oleron	Harry Gahn
Elmer Blackmer	Rolla Yeasting
Walter Perkins	Olla Wells
Hattie Cadman.	James Staffer
CENTERBURG, O.	Doris Cheney
John Writesman.	Maggie Yeasting
BOWLING GREEN, O.	Eugene Sarns
May Meece	Jessie Sarns
Pear Pike	Minne Hasselkus
Ima McCauley	May Belle Magee
Myrtle Corlek	Florence Emerson
Fred Ames	Della Yeasting
Alice Wasson	Eddie Yeasting
Clera Chinnower	Nellie Lockey
Effie Patterson	Mattie Bernhard
Nora Sawyer	Grace Gahn
Effie Corrick	Franc Dreghorn
Grace Sourwine	Guyton Barnhart
Ada Collier	Musetta Reese
Willie Cox	Morry Wells
	Millie Boice.

Names this week, 58. Total, 27,596.

The above embraces all names received up to October 25.

For the Young Folks.

TOMMY'S PROMISE.

MRS. L. M'DONALD SMITH.

"O mamma," cried Tommy, "just come here and see,
The man in the moon's making faces at me;
He peeped for a moment from behind that dark cloud,
When I pulled Tag's ears to make him bark loud,
He scowled at me so, then hastened to hide,
Among the dark clouds, where he's taking a ride;
It scared me so, mamma, I'm sure I most flew,
I was in such a big hurry to come in to you.

Tag's not his dog, mamma, then why need he care,
If I do pull his ears or ruffle his hair;
I'm sure I would think him to tend to his biz,
As long as my Tag's is no dog of his;
I'll pull his ears off if I want to, so there!
I'll pound him and pelt him and pull out his hair,
For all of old crusty, I'll just let him see
That I don't care a fig for his scowling at me.

What's that you are saying? you can't love a
Unless it's sweet tempered, gentle and mild,
And is willing with any its blessings to share,
And treats all God's creatures with kindness and care;
You want your dear Tommy to be such a boy,
And crown al ly our future with honor and joy?
Forgive me, dear mamma, I'll try from this night,
To be a good boy and always do right;
I'll never be cruel nor tease Tag again,
I'll be your good boy for, forever—Amen."

TO OUR TEMPERANCE LEGION.

Boys and girls, each and all of you who have the great cause of Temperance at heart, now is the time to do one thing more to advance its interests. Soon THE BLADE will begin a new story by the noted writer, Col. KNOX, entitled "Teetotaller Dick," which will be the history of a boy,—one like many of you who belong to the Legion. He is a bright Yankee youth whose adventures by land and sea will be full of thrilling interest, aside from the fact that the temptations which he met and overcome so bravely, have their lesson for every reader. There is no preaching done, but no one can follow this noble lad through these years which the story covers, without feeling more than ever determined to battle for the right.

The work which you can do now is to send us the names of everybody you know who does not take THE BLADE, in order that the first number containing the story may be forwarded to them.

Who of our Legion members,—which of you, boys, who among you, girls, will do most in this direction for the cause? Work with a will. Sign the list which you send with your own name as a member of the Legion, so that we may know what the Legion accomplished in this good thing.

THE COMPASS PLANT.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

IT was easier a century ago to deceive the scientific gentlemen than it is to-day. Then they seemed to be able to believe almost anything, and many a pretty fable they accepted for a sober truth. Think of their believing the tale the traveller told of what he called the Tartarian lamb! This lamb was a vegetable one, and was the fruit of a plant which grew in the deserts of Tartary. It not only looked so much like a lamb that the wolves were deceived into eating it, but it tasted so much like the genuine animal, that the wolves went on eating it without ever discovering their mistake.

A pretty good story that, and the best botanical story that has ever been told, though the more recent story of the gigantic carnivorous plant of Madagascar is not at all lacking in good points. This plant was supposed to live on human beings, and the man who invented it told his story about the time so much was being written of the insect-eating plants, so his story was in the reader excitement.

When General Benjamin Alvord wrote home from the Mississippi valley, in 1842, that he had discovered a plant which was a veritable compass, its leaves pointing pretty nearly north and south, the scientific gentlemen of the country cried out that they were not so green as to believe any such story, and no one went to work to prove clearly that the general was either mistaken or wilfully stepped aside from the path of truth.

In this case they were not unlike the old lady who believed all her sailor-boy's stories about fishing up wheels of Pharaoh's chariots in the Red sea and seeing the pillar of salt that Lot's wife was turned into, but disbelieved him when he said he had seen fish that could fly. The scientific gentlemen had disbelieved a true story.

General Alvord was not to be put down so easily, however, and presently proved the truth of his statement. Then Dr. Asa Gray, the great botanist, looked into the matter, and said it was just as the general had declared; that there was such a plant, that its radical leaves in mid-summer did point north and south, and that an examination of the leaves under the microscope would show the reason why, which was that they were made to point as they did by the action of light.

Just how light acts upon the leaves is a rather abstruse affair; but it is enough to know that we may believe there is such a plant; though, for the matter of that, it would not make any difference whether we believed it or not; for the plant would exist just the same, and did exist and was known to the Indians and pioneers long before General Alvord wrote of it.

To one who has not been on the vast open prairies it may seem that it would be difficult to be lost there; but it is in fact a very easy matter, as hundreds who have been lost will testify. Even the Indians, whose lives have been lost on the plains, would occasionally lose their reckoning, as the nautical phrase is, and would have recourse to the convenient little plant that always pointed to the north.

There is an Indian legend that ages ago one tribe of Indians stole secretly upon another tribe and exterminated the men, and carried all the women and children into captivity—all the children but one, a boy, who escaped, and hid in the long prairie grass until his enemies were gone. Then he crept back and watched the flames devour the homes of his people.

A white boy would have cried, and we should have thought none the worse of him for it; but the story is that this little Indian crept to where the ashes of his own wigwam was still glowing red, and there sat, silent and grim, wondering what he could do to avenge the wrongs of his people.

And as he wondered, he saw a strange plant come up out of the earth and grow before his eyes. At first it told him nothing; but he had been taught to observe closely, and presently he noticed that some of the leaves pointed, exactly in the direction taken by the destroyers of his tribe, and that others pointed in the opposite direction.

What did it mean? What could it mean but that he was to go in the direction indicated by the leaves. He went, and when he grew weary and lay down and slept, he always awoke to see one of these mysterious plants pointing out the way to him.

So he went on and on until he came to where a tribe of strange Indians were encamped. From a shelter he watched them until he noticed that although they were strong and active, they knew not as well as he how a bow should be made, nor a snare set, nor a horse guided. So then he went in among them boldly, and taught them the things he knew.

He was but a boy then, but the strangers respected him for his skill and knowledge; and as he grew they set him higher and higher among them, until at last he was their chief, and could command them this way or that.

Then he spoke out, and revealed what had been in his heart all the years of his sojourn among them. He was yearning for the south land, and for the punishment of the tribe that had destroyed his people.

His word was law unto his followers, and they were not averse to trying their skill in war with the natives of the south; so they painted their faces for war, whetted their knives, sharpened their arrows, and said good by to their squaws.

And there again was the guiding flower always in the path of the chief, pointing out to him the direction of his foes. And after many days he reached the spot where his own people had been cut off, and he knew that his own wigwam had been by the flower that stood there, pointing avengingly to where the other tribe had gone.

After that there were no more flowers, but the tribe he sought was not very far distant, and he fell upon it, and with his northern warriors wiped it from the face of the earth, so that nothing remained to tell that it had ever existed.

A very bloodthirsty little Indian story, indeed, and not nearly as pleasant a story of the compass plant as is told in connection with a little white boy, named Ezekiel Wright. He was called Zeke, and with his little sister Hannah wandered out on the prairie one day and was lost. This was long ago, when Ohio was in the far west, and with a few fewer people within its boundaries than one of its villages to-day.

When Zeke tried to return home, he found he could not do it, and after wandering aimlessly for some hours, nearly heart-broken by little Hannah's sobs and his own fears, he did what the little Indian would never have done—in the story. He sat down and cried. But that made Hannah fairly terrified, so presently he stopped and soothed her, and began to realize that he had more than himself to think of.

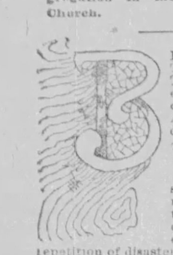
Then he put the best face on it that he could, and told her not to worry, and finally had her in a better frame of mind. That did not get him home, however, nor even point out the way. Besides, he was hungry, and Hannah was, too, as she frequently reminded him. He did the best he could, but, for all that, they were obliged to spend the night out on the lonely prairie.

Fortunately Zeke secured a good sleep, and when he awoke in the morning, could think better. Perhaps he would never have thought of the compass plant if he had not plucked one of its pretty fl

Talmage's Sermon.

LESSON OF THE RECENT DISASTER.

The Eminent Brooklyn Pastor Preached an Eloquent Sermon Based Upon the Recent Affliction Suffered by His Congregation in the Burning of Their Church.



BROOKLYN, Oct. 27.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached to an overflowing congregation at the Academy of Music today.

The Coming Tabernacle.

Before preaching he said that a mistaken notion was abroad that the insurance of his destroyed church was enough to rebuild. The reputation of disasters left us in debt. We have practically built three churches since I came to Brooklyn. First, the original Tabernacle. Soon after that we made an enlargement that cost almost as much as a church. A few years after it all burned. Then we put up the building recently destroyed, and reared it in a time when the whole country was in its worst financial distress. It was these repeated disasters that left us in debt. My congregation have done magnificently, but any church would be in debt after so many calamities. Now for the first time we are out of debt. But we need at least one hundred thousand dollars to build a church large enough, and we call upon people of all creeds and all lands to help.

Before I help dedicate a new church we must have every dollar of it paid. I will never again be pastor of a church in debt. It has crippled us in all our movements, and I shall never again wear the shackles. I have for the last sixteen years preached to about 5,000 people sitting and standing, twice a Sabbath, but everybody knows that we need a place that will hold 8,000. I shall not be surprised if some man of wealth shall say: "Here are a hundred thousand dollars if you will put up a memorial structure, and call it after the name of my departed father or child whose memory I want put before all nations and for all time." And so it would be done.

All Tears to Be Wiped Away.

Dr. Talmage's text was: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii., 17. He said:

Riding across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as ever I saw it shine; and I thought, what a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on parsied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God founds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and shaded a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good. Alas, no! they are falling all the time. In summer you sometimes hear the growing thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about us, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual northwest? Why, when a family is moved together, nor any have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live? the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a chuckle, or exhilaration; but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime, and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is; it is agony in solution.

Hear me, then, while I discourse to you of the uses of trouble.

We Must Leave This World.

First—It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years, if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and chandeliered and carpeted with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go; but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence.

"Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure him who to stay here, God must somehow pronounce a disgust for our surroundings. How shall he do it? He can not afford to deface his horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in the mire. You can not expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you can not expect God to spoil the architecture and music of his own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave. Here is where trouble comes in. After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there." If there is an atmosphere where the tube does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah, he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much much as the new story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth."

The old man's hand trembles as he turns over his apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is to soon immigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and trees planted, and mansions built. The thought of that blessed place comes over me mightily, and I declare that if this house were a great ship, and you all were passengers on board it, and one hand could launch that ship into the glories of heaven, I should be tempted to take the responsibility, and launch you all into glory with one stroke, holding on to the side of the boat until I could get in myself.

And yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But, after a while, you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements and carbuncles and a pest of a wife that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less, and heaven worth more.

Our Dependence Upon God.

Again: It is the use of trouble to make us feel our complete dependence upon God. King Alphonso said that, if he had been present at the creation, **he could have made a better world than this. What a pity he was not present. I do not know what God will** do when some men die. Men think they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay our great plans, and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble.

I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after a while we met a team, and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins to me and said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children, and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after a while we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides, and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

Can you not tell when you hear a man pray whether he has ever had any trouble? I can. The cadence, the phraseology indicate it. Why do women pray better than men? Because they have had more trouble. Before a man has any trouble his prayers are poetic, and he begins away up among the sun, moon and stars, and gives the Lord a great deal of astronomical information that must be highly gratifying. He then comes on down gradually over beautiful tablelands to "forever and ever, amen." But after a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember.

Once, on the Cincinnati express train going at forty miles an hour, and the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep, and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats, and cried out: "O, God, save us." There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say: "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of trouble. Oh, I tell you a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of that we catch hold of God only. A man is unfortunate in business. He has to raise a great deal of money, and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After awhile he puts a mortgage on his house. After awhile he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help.

Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything, now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort. There are men who have paid ten cents on a dollar who could have paid a hundred cents on a dollar if they had gone to God in time. Why, they do not know who the Lord is. He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life.

I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A business man goes off to some city to push his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help.

Saturday night comes and he is moved to the hospital. Getting there he is frenzied with grief, and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come. Is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go 30 miles an hour cannot go 60 miles an hour. she rushes into the hospital. She says, "My son, my son, does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up takes him home and gets him well very soon.

Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel, you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help then you go to God. You say, "Oh, Lord, I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says, "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon an all comforting God that we have this ministry of tears.

Trouble Makes Us Sympathetic.

Again: it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests under the old dispensation were set apart by having water sprinkled on their hands, feet and heads, and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother 70 years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul.

She know all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley 20 years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she sits up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters, and pouring out bitter drops, and shaking up hot pillows, and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it? And when she lifted her spectacles against her wrinkled forehead, so she could look closer at the wound, it was three-fourths healed.

And when the Lord took her home, although she may have been men and woman 30, 40, 50 years of age, you laid on the coffin lid and sobbed as though you were only 5 or 10 years of age. Oh, man, praise God, if you have in your memory the picture of an honest, sympathetic, kind, self sacrificing, Christ-like mother. Oh, it takes these people who have had trouble to comfort others in trouble. Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a couse of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day, than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance. I am an herb doctor. I put into the caldron the root out of dry ground without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the Tree of Life and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

You know on a well-spread table the food becomes more delicate at the last. I have fed you to-day with the bread of consolation. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of heaven. Let the King's cup-bearer's come in. Good morning, heaven! "Oh," says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven, how is it possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer, have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next; and while she was laughing you saw the tears still on her face? And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her resumed glee and wiped off those delayed tears.

So, I think, after the heavenly rapture have come upon us, there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while those tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea, God will wipe them away. He will be can do that. Jesus had enough trial to make him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that great weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble and wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why, his step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying.

It will be a Father who will take you on his left arm, his face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand he shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. I have noticed when the children get hurt, and their mother is away from home, they go right past me and to her; I am of no account. So, when the soul comes up into heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul, or Moses, or David, or John. These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past, crying: "Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus?" Dear Lord, what a magnificent thing to die if thou shalt thus wipe away our tears. Methink it will take us some time to get used to heaven; the fruits of God without one speck; the fresh pastures without one nettle; the orchestra without one snapped string; the river of gladness without one torn bank; the soiferings and the sufferings of sunrise and sunset swallowed up in the eternal day that beam's from God's countenance!

Why should I wish to linger in the will
When thou art waiting, Father, to receive thy child?

Do You Understand Heaven's Glories?

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here. It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumphal march there—parting here and reunion there. Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land, and another in another land; but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never approached that thought so much as when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. The burial was in the village cemetery. I looked around, and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred;" and I thought to myself: "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think that it is any fanaticism when some one is going out into eternity for me to whisper it you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile."

I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone. No trouble getting good society for them. All kings, queens, princes and princesses. In 1751 there was a bill offered in the English parliament proposing to change the almanac so that the 1st of March should come immediately after the 19th of September. But, oh, what a glorious change in the calendar when all the years of your earthly existence are swallowed up in the eternal year of God!

My friends, take this good cheer home with you. Those tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work. See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the few days that shall remain for us. The Saxons and the Britons went out to battle. The Saxons were all armed. The Britons had no weapons at all; and yet history tells us the Britons got the victory. Why? They went into the battle shouting three times, "Hallelujah!" and at the third shout of "Hallelujah" their enemies fled panic struck; and so the Britons got the victory.

And, my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come, we would be so filled with enthusiasm that no power of earth or hell could stand before us; and at our first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout they would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of hallelujah.

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Garget.

F. C. A., Forest Hill, Ill.: For your young cow that has a slight attack of garget, give her about half a pound of salts in a quart of warm water, to which there is stirred a cupful of molasses. Give only a moderate quantity of water, and put an ounce of saltpeter in the drinking water twice a day for about four days. Gently rub the udder with powdered camphor, ½ oz.; extract belladonna and lard, of each 2 ozs. This should be used with friction, being careful not to press violently. Kneading the udder is a good thing, but it must be done carefully. Milk two or three times a day.

Profuse Stalling—Leg Stock.

C. C., jr., Strickland, Nebraska: The likelihood is that your mare will recover if carefully treated. Profuse stalling is the result of improper breeding, irritating drugs that act severely upon the kidneys, hay that has been heated in curing, or is mouldy or damp; too much boiled food, etc. Change her feed at once and feed regularly. This is very essential. Give her a full pint of linseed oil, stir in tablespoonful of baking soda in her drinking water. After this take of iodine 20 grains, iodide of potassium 1 drachm, carbonate of soda 4 drachms. Give this dose three times a day, in water, for five days. Omit for a week and repeat. Feed bran mashes if the bowels show constipation. It may be necessary to continue the above medicine longer than named if the case is a bad one. If there is any stocking after the above is given write, naming this number of THE BLADE.

Lump on Shoulder.

F. F., Glen Haven, Wisconsin: For the lump on your mare's shoulder, caused by chafing, take of iodine 1 oz.; soap liniment, 12 ozs. Rub this well in twice a day. If there is a hard center to the lump it may be necessary to open and cut it out. As the lump does not stick to the flesh or bone, if there is no hard lump in it, the above will remove it. You should not work the mare for two or three weeks. Give her a bran mash twice a week, to keep her bowels regular, and do not feed corn until the lump disappears.

Stone in the Bladder.

A. H. B., Adams, Illinois: From that which you say, there was stone in the bladder of your horse. Hard water, which contains carbonate of lime, predisposes to this trouble. Certain kinds of clover form urine salts, and tend to the deposit of gravel. There is stiffness in the hind limbs, spraddling, switching of the tail. At times the urine will flow freely, while at others there is almost a stoppage. The stone may be discovered by giving the animal an injection of warm water immediately after he has emptied his bladder, and then oiling the hand and introducing it into the rectum, gently clasping the bladder. In the mare the stone may be removed with forceps by a veterinarian. It may be that your horse, in addition to the stone in the bladder, had other troubles.

Poultry Droppings.

R. B., Springfield: You should mix your poultry droppings with common road dust, in the proportion of one part of the former to two of the latter.

Mange.

J. H. P., Richfield, Minn.: The cause of mange is the presence of insects that burrow in or upon the skin. The utmost care must be taken first to clean the stall thoroughly. For this purpose, clear away everything in the stall, and then sprinkle with carbolic acid 1 oz., water 1 gal. Then look after the harness. This must be washed and scraped, and and oil, with a little sulphur in it applied. The curry comb must not be used without first introducing it to heat to kill the insects. Never use the same brush, harness or wiping cloth on any other horse. Give a pint of raw linseed oil, and repeat in three days. Then oil all parts of the horse affected with kerosene, leaving on for a full day. Then wash off with warm water and soap, and after drying, apply this: Iodine, ½ oz; iodide of potash, ¼ oz.; tar, 1 oz.; lard, 8 ozs. Mix and apply. After a week's time, wash off with warm water and soap. Repeat the application in a week.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Wheat Problem—Other Matters of Interest.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have noticed with some concern that the correspondence column of the Farm in the past month has been rather slimly patronized by its former numerous contributors. There are several good, and we suppose, substantial reasons why such is the case: First, the press of farm work during that time, such as plowing for and seeding wheat, haying and cutting up corn, etc.; second, the diffidence and unwillingness of the average farmer to write anything which is to appear in print, goes a great ways towards keeping the Farm column scantily supplied with interesting facts gleaned in the fields of observation and experience. The writer took for granted, that when it was suggested by some of its correspondents that the wheat problem should be further discussed that we should not stand alone. I am not possessed of egotism enough to flatter myself that the arguments advanced were unanswerable; neither can I make myself believe that those who still have faith in wheat as a money crop consider that my arguments have been fully answered by the crop raised this year. If the latter is the conclusion they have come to, then the outcome of the discussion is all, and the following, which is going the rounds of the press, is one of the shades brought into good shape, for, by watching them as growth is made, one can see where pruning and training is required, and the necessary work can be done at just the time when it will do most good, for shrubs are more tractable while forming branches than they are afterward. If you allow a shrub to grow to suit itself all summer, and attempt to rectify what you consider its mistakes in fall, you will find that a great deal of the summer growth may have to be removed to secure anything like symmetrical shape, and of course these surplus branches indicate a good deal of growth which has been wasted. So much of the vitality of the plant as was taken to produce them has been expended uselessly; proper attention at the proper time would have thrown the energy into the shrub. But we must take things as we find them, and Fall finds most shrubs in need of a judicious pruning, if we would have them take on a shapely form. Therefore, when getting ready to give them the winter protection which most of them require to a greater or less extent, give them a flying flash and pound, and make them symmetrical. It is well to do this before cutting to ground, as early cold weather so that the fresh cuts on the limbs will have a little chance to heal or dry over before they are laid down and covered.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Floating Fields.

The following description of the manner in which floating fields and gardens are formed in China, was condensed for publication in *The Garden* from an article by Dr. Macgowan, which originally appeared in the *China Review*: "In the month of April, a bamboo raft, ten to twelve feet long and about half as broad, is prepared. The poles are lashed together with interstices of an inch between each. Over this a layer of straw an inch thick is spread, and then a coating two inches thick of adhesive mud taken from the bottom of a canal or pond, which receives the seed. The raft is moored to the bank in still water, and requires no further attention. The straw soon gives way and the soil sinks, the roots drawing support from the water alone. In about twenty days the raft becomes covered with the creeper (*Ipomœa reptans*), and its stems and roots are gathered for cooking. In autumn its small, white petals and yellow stamens, nestling among the round leaves, present a very pretty appearance. In some places marshy land is peculiarly cultivated in this manner. Besides these floating vegetable gardens there are also floating rice fields. Upon rafts constructed as above weeds and adherent mud were placed as a flooring, and when the rice shoots were ready for transplanting they were placed in the floating soil, which being adhesive and held in place by weed roots, the plants were matured in position throughout the season. The rice thus planted ripened in from 60 to 70, in place of 100 days. The rafts are cabled to the shore, floating on lakes, pools or sluggish streams. These floating fields served to avert famines, whether by drought or flood. When other fields were submerged and their crops rotten, these floated and flourished; and when a drought prevailed they subsided with the receding water, and while the soil around was arid advanced to maturity. Agricultural treatises contain plates representing rows of extensive rice fields moored to sturdy trees on the banks of rivers or lakes which existed formerly in the lacustrine regions of the Lower Yangtsze and Yellow rivers."—*Orchard and Garden.*

"Tectotaller Dick."

Our friends living on farms know the great desire young men have to leave the country and go to the cities; and no doubt many of them can recall sad cases wherein such young men fell under the temptation of drink, and had their lives ruined thereby. We ask all to read the announcement, on the fourth page of this issue, of Col. Knox's new story, "Teetotaller Dick," and aid us in setting before the youth of the land the strongest and most interesting temperance story yet written, by sending us lists of names of persons who might like to read it, to whom we will be glad to send sample copies of THE BLADE with the first chapters of the story. Please do it at once.

JACK AND JILL, OF BOSTON.

Jack, broad-shouldered, deep-chested and merry,
Like the rocks prehistoric—gigantic,
Had for a sister Jill, petticoated, proud and pedantic.
On a day they ascended a hill, cloud-kissed and stony,
Overlooking the hut primitive of Jack and his sister,
With them went a pail—sunlight reflecting—of clear, transparent water,
Reflecting images of mountain, hill and deep wooded valley,
Adown the hill came Jack with a four-footed tramping,
And after him, making the hills reverberate with noises pandemoniac,
Came Jill performing feats acrobatic,
And Jack's cranium, round polished and empty,
Split with the sounds of thunders majestic.
—*Boston Record*

Under the Weather.

In Washington.

Stranger—I would like to see General Greely.

Weather Bureau Official—General Greely can't be seen, sir; he's sick.

Stranger—Nothing serious, I hope.

Weather Bureau Official—Yes, sir; but he is. His prediction for yesterday came true.—[Judge.

Dollars and Sense.

Distance lends enchantment, 'tis said. That's the reason we are so enchanted by money, we suppose.—[Yonker's Statesman.

The homely man may not look attractive in a ball room crush, but he is usually just as good to borrow money from as any modern Adonis.—[Somerville Journal.

When He Drank.

Dr. Balus—You must not drink so much wine, Mr. Gouty, or you will be a dead man in a year.

Gouty—I drink wine on only two occasions, doctor.

Doctor—When are they?

Gouty—At my meals and between them.—[Lawrence American.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

IN MONTANA.

The Truth of the Situation Regarding the Election.

The truth of the situation, politically speaking, in Montana has been grossly misrepresented by the dispatches sent out from Helena. The Democratic agents, who failed to find the gold pot at the end of the rainbow, have industriously circulated stories of Republican fraud, but their stories partake strongly of the motive that causes a certain class of people to exclaim: "Stop thief!"

At 3 o'clock on the morning after election a sufficient number of returns were in to show that the Republicans had carried the state from end to end for their entire ticket. Carter for Congress, Richards for lieutenant governor and Blake for chief justice were seen to be running ahead of the general ticket, and it was apparent that Power, for governor, and the legislative candidates were running behind.

Some of the more far-sighted among the Republican leaders observed even at that time that no word could be got from any of those precints controlled by the four great Montana Democratic millionaires—Marcus Daly, Samuel T. Hauser, Charles A. Broadwater and W. A. Clark—nor from any of the precincts where the Northern Pacific railroad vote was heavy. This fact occasioned no little solicitude. Carter's majority in 1888, when he ran for delegate, was 5,126. In the country districts—that is, in every other county except Lewis and Clark—which contains the city of Helena, Deer Lodge, which contains Mr. Daly's smelter and his town of Anaconda and Silver Bow, which contains the great mining camp of Butte City—everywhere else than here Mr. Carter and the state ticket were winning by majorities as large as and often larger than those of last year.

In that contest the millionaire Democrats, it had been claimed, had not been content with a reasonable majority, but had brought into the returns from the precincts under their immediate control until the returns were in from the "cow counties."

All the trouble in the present situation arises from the holding back of these returns. There were about a dozen camps of a temporary character where mining or railroad work was being done, and the returns from these places were yielded up only when it became evident that big Democratic majorities were required to elect the Democratic governor and legislature, and then, three, four and five days after the election, such majorities began to come forth.

They were just right for the Democrats. They did the work. They decreased Carters majority and that of the Republican state ticket about 1,000 votes, and they "elected" Mr. Toole and a Democratic majority of three in the legislature.

The most flagrant case of Democratic fraud occurred in the Tunnel precinct, in Silver Bow county, where, out of 183 votes polled, 179 were set down as Democratic. The moment these returns were announced the Republicans produced conclusive evidence that the result, as declared, was wholly dishonest, and that Republican ballots by the score had been falsely counted. The board of canvassers thereon threw out the precinct, and thereby rendered certain the election of the entire Republican legislative delegation from Silver Bow county. This will give the Republicans a majority of six upon joint ballot. There will naturally be a contest, but its only effect will be to return more Republican members, and to place Mr. Toole among the other Democratic candidates who were elected on false returns.

Writ of Mandamus Refused.

The application of the Democrats to the Supreme court of Montana, for a writ of mandamus, compelling the canvassing board of Silver Bow county to receive and count the rejected returns in the Tunnel district, has been denied on the technical defects in the application. The points were made on Oct. 28 by the Republican attorneys. The Democratic lawyers asked for leave to amend, and pending a decision the court adjourned.

TIED UP IN A KNOT.

The Gross Earnings Tax Cases are Puzzling the Court.

A complication of considerable magnitude with reference to what are known as the "gross earnings tax cases," is likely to arise from the transition from territorial existence to statehood in North Dakota.

The gross earnings tax cases involve several hundred thousand dollars of taxes alleged to be due from the Northern Pacific railroad company to the counties along the line of the road.

These taxes, it will be remembered, were levied and assessed upon the land grant lands of the Northern Pacific by the Governor Church regime, and were contested by the railroad company.

A test case was made and the matter argued very elaborately before Judge Rose, at Jamestown, last spring. At the argument Alfred Wallin, one of the newly elected judges of the Supreme court, appeared for the railroad and J. M. Bartholomew, also one of the newly elected judges, appeared for the counties.

Judge Ross decided against the railroad, and the cases were appealed to the Supreme court of the territory. At the recent session of the Supreme court, at Deadwood, the judges concluded not to decide the cases and to allow them to stand for adjudication by the incoming Supreme court of North Dakota.

As Judges Bartholomew and Wallin are both incapacitated for deciding the cases, the only remaining judge who can sit is Judge Corliss, of Grand Forks, and he alone is not a majority of the supreme bench. So it is evident that a very knotty problem arises, and the lawyers and judges are considerably puzzled over it.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, Oct. 26 says: The money market has become more easy, with prospect that serious disturbance this season is no longer to be apprehended. The banks are running with narrow reserves, and artificial stringency may at any time be engineered, but the movement of crops has been heavy.

In the natural course of events the return of money to this centre should soon begin, and the possibility of a foreign drain seems more remote. The Bank of England gained last week $1,270,000, and the Bank of France $230,000 gold. Securities do not appear to be moving largely either way, while merchandise exports for three weeks show a gain of 14 per cent over last year, against a gain of 10 per cent in imports. The rate of foreign exchange has accordingly declined a shade.

The volume of trade, fair for the season at all points, is greater than a year ago almost, though the aggregate of bank clearings, outside New York, exceeds last year's by 2 per cent. Chicago finds a larger increase, particularly in dry goods, while sales of clothing and shoes are fair, notwithstanding mild and dry weather; of provisions larger than last year's, and of grain about as large.

The wool trade has been the largest here for a long time, and more active at Boston, where sales were 3,100,000 pounds, but dull at Philadelphia. Plainly, some manufacturers are taking hold with more confidence, the market having been nearly cleared of some grades of foreign stock imported under old rulings and imports of worsteds having of late decreased.

Iron grows stronger, the Thomas company having advanced its price $1. A demand from Canada and from Mexico is felt, foreign prices being high. Bar iron is firm, blooms and billets feverish and rails are $31.50 to $32, with orders already booked for 1890 amounting to 750,000 tons or more. Copper is steady; tin a shade lower at 20¾, and lead depressed to $3.75 by expectation of large Mexican supplies.

The coal trade is dull, and the week's meetings have accomplished nothing beyond fixing upon 3,000,000 tons as the output for November. Sales are generally below the schedule.

Liquidation in wheat continues, with prices 3c lower than a week ago, and sales of 65,000,000 bushels here. Stubborn facts, heavy receipts and scanty exports, wear out the patience of those who have had faith in the world's supply, and official reports indicate a larger yield than those of the department. Corn is 3c higher, with sales of 5,500,000 bushels, and the export movement still exceeds last year.

Pork products are weak, and in hogs the decline has been 60c per 100 pounds. Oil has risen 3c. Coffee is unchanged, and sugar is again lower.

Cotton continues downward, receipts exceeding those of the same week last year by 40,000 bales, and exports by 30,000 bales, and while there has been a touch of snow in Virginia, the dreaded frost in cotton states is still deferred.

The business failures during the last seven days number, for the United States 188, and for Canada 37. For the corresponding week last year the figures were 223 failures in the United States and 32 in Canada.

LIVED ON HUMAN BLOOD.

Fireman Graves Tells a Tale of Fearful Cannibalism.

Carl Graves, fireman, and Ludwig Loder, seaman, two survivors of the crew of the steamship Earnmoor, told a story, horrible in its details, of the way they sustained life by cannibalism for days, at Baltimore on October 24. Loder said: "The only food we had the first fifteen days in the boat was a flying fish and a few raw, small seabirds among eleven men. On the sixteenth day out Wm. Davis, a seaman, caught me by the throat and made a dash at my head with a knife. He cut me on the right cheek, the scar from which still remains, as you will see. He was told to kill me by August Piagge, a fireman. When Davis began to cut me some of my companions caught him, but until others shouted: "Kill him. Kill him. We want something to eat. We are starving." It was then that Piagge, Davis and others in one end of the boat decided that I should die, as, I suppose, being pretty fat, I looked inviting. Piagge was placed on watch that night, but he was missing next morning. No one saw him go overboard.

On the seventeenth day Wm. Robinson went to sleep. When he awoke Graves had killed him dead. It was determined to eat his flesh, and Wm. Wright, the cook, was ordered to carve the body. The first thing done was to smash in Robinson's skull, and from the fracture each one sucked the blood as long as it would last, which was but a little while.

"Then the cook stripped the flesh from the ribs. The next day we began to smoke it. We placed some of the water-tight compartments and dried in the sun. After taking out Robinson's liver, heart, and other parts which would furnish blood to be sucked, they threw his mutilated remains into the sea.

Two days after Robinson's death Third Engineer Thomas Hunt died. His body was also cut up for food.

"Twenty days," said Loder, "the limbs and feet of all began to swell and several have since broken out in ugly sores. We think it is poison from the human flesh and blood."

Both Graves and Loder say that they have no recollection of the taste of human flesh, so great was their mental anguish at the time. They only recollect of first taking the food is feeling their own blood quicken as it coursed through their veins.

IOWA BREWERIES.

The Iowa Supreme Court Very Busy These Days.

In the cases of J. M. Craig, appellant vs. Werthueller & Eudy, et al, and of J. M. Craig, appellant, vs. Berthold Rosch et al, a decision has been handed down by the Iowa Supreme court, prepared by Judge Given, in which several old features and some new ones of the prohibitory law are passed upon.

Among the questions is that right of the state by legislative enactment to confiscate personal property of a defendant without process of law, it being claimed that statutes authorizing such procedure are in conflict with the constitution of the United States and of Iowa. The opinion holds that in a criminal action for nuisance against the man, the place kept by him is on trial also, and therefore there is due process of law.

This is a matter that has been much discussed and involves a grave question of the extent of the powers of the state legislature. The property rendered valueless by this order of the court exceeds $400,000 in value and consists of breweries in the city of Burlington. The case will probably be taken to the United States Supreme

WASHINGTON NEWS.

APPOINTMENTS.

A Number of People Made Happy by the President.

The President made the following appointments on Oct. 24:

Edward T. Green, of New Jersey, United States District judge for the district of New Jersey; Alfred E. Puck, of Georgia, United States Marshal for the Northern district of Georgia; Joseph W. Ady, of Kansas, United States Attorney for the district of Kansas; Albert M. Lea, of Mississippi, United States Attorney for the Southern district of Mississippi; David F. Kronacher, commissioner of deeds in the state of Ohio, for the district of Columbia.

The President appointed John C. Slocum, of Florida, to be surveyor general of Florida, on Oct. 28.

The President has appointed the following named postmasters on October 29:

Charles A. Post, at Moscow, Cal., vice Chas. Finley, resigned; Simon P. Barstow, at San Rafael, Cal. vice Russell Chapman, resigned; Melvin W. Everleth, at Colorado Spings, Col., vice Robert A. Meier, removed; J. W. Bridges, at Grand Junction, Col., vice T. B. Crawford, removed; Wm. D Gleason, at Pacli, Kan., vice B. J. sheridan, resigned; Wm. R. Weyl, at Winchester, Ind., vice John Neff, resigned; Henry C. Webb at Bedford, Iowa, vice John D. Smith, removed; Thos. M. Crossman at Edwardsville, Ill., vice J. B. Dale, removed; George Sanderson at Pittsfield, Ills, vice James H. Craig, removed; Wm. H. Shaw at Canton, Ills., vice B. A. Perkins, resigned; Oscar H. Forman at Baton Rouge, La., vice A. D. Conrad, removed; Thomas A. Parish at Grand Haven, Mich., vice George D. Sanford, resigned; Wm. H. Hill, at Manistique, Mich., vice Leon Ephriam, removed; Lyman P. Archer, at Marysville, Mo., vice Winfield Yehle, removed; Henry G. Rising, at Marshall, Mo., vice Wm. E. Woodson, removed; Miles M. Parks, at Livingston, Mt., vice Carl T. Patterson, resigned; Daniel B. Williams, at Tuscarora, Nevada, office became presidential; Walter E. Marble, at Kingston, N. M., vice B. H. Hopper, removed; J. Lucas Christie, at Superior, Wis., vice J. A. Barlow, removed; John Field, at Philadelphia, Pa., vice William Harrity, removed; Edmund Randall, at Cotasenqua, Pa., vice Wm. H. Bartolomew, removed; Virgil D. Clayton, at Columbia, S. C., vice Col. W. Gibbs, removed; John Clinton, at Brownsville, Tenn., vice Dan'l Bond, removed; Thomas W. Gaines, at Clarksville, Tenn., vice E. P. Rutherford, removed; Robert C. Ballantyne, at Brackettville, Tex., vice C. A. Gilden, resigned.

INTERESTING REPORT.

How the Ships of the Merchant Marine Are Progressing.

Inspector General Dumont, of the steamboat inspection service, in his report to the secretary of the Treasury, of the operations of the service during the fiscal year ended June 30 last, show that 6,725 steamers were inspected, the net tonnage of which was 1,315,436, and that 31,622 officers were licensed. As compared with the previous year, this shows an increase of 300 vessels, 80,301 in net tonnage, and 2,081 in the number of officers licensed. The number of foreign steam vessels inspected was 257, of which more than half were inspected at the port of New York, 52 at Baltimore and 25 at Boston.

The total number of accidents during the year resulting in loss of live was 32. These accidents resulted in the death of 301 persons, or 81 more than last year. Of those lost, 92 were passengers and 209 were officers and employes of the steamers. It is estimated that 550,000,000 passengers were carried on steam vessels during the year.

During the ten years, beginning with '75 and ending with the present year, the number of steam vessels in the United States has increased from 3,885 in 1875 to 6,725 in 1889, or a gain of 73 per cent.

Gen. Dumont calls attention to the inequalities of salaries paid to officers of the service and recommends that it be remedied by legislation.

He says the law should be remedied, either by paying all salaries alike, or by paying salaries in proportion to the number of steamers inspected, making $1 200 per annum the minimum and $2,500 the maximum salary.

Gen. Dumont also recommends the consolidation of the foreign and domestic inspection services, as there is no longer any necessity for a distinctive service.

In concluding his report, he calls attention to a class of vessels using naptha gas as a motive power, and he asks that that class of vessels be made amenable to section 4,426 revised statutes, so far as to require that they should be, when navigated, in charge of a licensed pilot, the immediate cause of the terrible loss of life by the loss of several lives, by collision, on board a naptha gas launch, through the ignorance of the persons in charge of the pilot rules governing steam vessels.

Since then the whole country has been shocked by appalling accidents to the class of boats referred to, because of the dangerous explosive power and highly inflammable nature of naptha gas irrespective of the manner of using it. He says the reasons for placing vessels using steam as a motive power, and navigating the waters of the United States, under the restrictions of its laws, apply with ten-fold force to vessels using naptha gas for the same purpose, and he earnestly recommends that the vessels using such, or other explosive motors for navigation purposes, be brought within all the provisions of section 4,426, revised statutes of the United States.

TO BE BUILT IN BALTIMORE.

The Big Contract Will Go to the Columbian Iron Works.

Mr. Malster, president of the Columbian Iron Works of Baltimore, Md., the lowest bidder for two of the 2,000-ton cruisers, said on Oct. 27 that Secretary Tracy assured him that his company would receive the contract for the two vessels, and told him he could return home and prepare for the work.

Mr. Maister says the work will give employment for two years to from 600 to 800 men. The company will improve their plants by putting in new and improved machinery, and, with the experience gained, they will be enabled to construct these vessels much more economically as well as more expeditiously.

Mr. Maister said careful calculations had been made, and he believed a good profit could be made on the vessels at $612,500 each. If the vessels on their trial only come up to their designed speed, the contractors will earn $100,000 premium for each vessel.

There is not much doubt about reaching this speed, for the vessels have more boiler capacity in proportion to their size than any vessels yet built for the navy, and the naval engineers who designed the engines expect to see them make a record of nearly nineteen knots.

INDIVIDUAL DEBTS.

Fixing a Plan to Incorporate It in the Coming Census.

Messrs. John S. Lord, George K. Holmes and F. W. Krause, the special agents of the census office, who, by direction of Supt. Porter, have been at work in counties in Illinois, Massachusetts and New York, collecting statistics of individual indebtedness for the purpose of ascertaining by actual experiment the just method and probable expense of securing these statistics throughout the United States for the next census, have completed their work and are engaged at the census office in compiling the result.

It is said that there is no doubt that a plan can be devised which will be entirely satisfactory on this very difficult work, but it is questionable whether the cost will not far exceed the amount appropriated by Congress for the purpose. Should the cost be found too great, the fact will probably be reported to Congress for action before the actual collection of the statistics is begun.

CARMINE STAMPS.

Smaller in Size and Different in Color—The New Contract.

Postmaster General Wanamaker awarded the contract for furnishing adhesive postage stamps for the four years beginning on January 1, next, to the American Bank Note company, of New York, the lowest bidders.

The award was made for stamps of a reduced size, the new stamps being about one-eighth smaller than those in present use. The designs will be changed to conform to the reduction in the size of the stamps, and new engravings will be made throughout.

The new contract also calls for some changes in the colors. The one cent stamp will continue to be printed in blue; the two cent stamp, now printed in green, will be printed in bright carmine, and changes will be made in some of the other denominations.

Postoffices on the Sea.

Postmaster-general Wanamaker, in his forthcoming annual report, will recommend that postoffices be established on the principal steamers that ply between ports of the United States and Europe, similar to the postal service on railway trains. This would greatly facilitate delivery on both sides of the Atlantic, as packages could be all arranged for distribution with rapidity on the steamer's arrival in port. The German government has been in correspondence with the postmaster-general on this subject.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

The Man with His Pencil Abroad in the Land.

From one canvass of the House of Representatives, it is reported that Mr. Reed, of Maine, is the leader in the race for speakership with fifty-nine votes, while McKinley has fifty-four in sight, Cannon of Illinois being third with thirty-one votes, Burrows fourth with thirteen, and Henderson fifth with twelve.

This canvass is interesting, as much for what it promises in the way of second choice as for what it shows for first choice.

It will take 85 votes to name a speaker in the Republican caucus. McKinley is the second choice of 126 members, while Reed is second choice of only 85, including the 59 who are for him as a first choice. But, if it comes to a second choice, Cannon may get 76 votes, taking some from both Reed and McKinley.

According to this canvass, New York is not to be solid, as was resolved last spring, but will give 14 votes to Reed, 2 to McKinley, 2 to Burrows and 1 to Cannon.

The Virginia Campaign.

New York correspondents in Washington are paying much attention to the Virginia campaign and the *Herald* was sent the following on Oct. 28: "The gossip about the hotels regarding the Virginia campaign is at a fever heat over the announcement that Chairman Barbour, of the Democratic committee, has returned from New York very much disheartened.

"The story goes that he made application to Chairman Brice for financial aid and was met with the reply that it was out of the question for the National Democratic committee to extend him any aid whatever. Chairman Brice informed Senator Barbour that the committee was now over $100,000 in debt, and he saw no way of ever paying that indebtedness, much less increasing it by making new debts.

"Senator Barbour afterward called upon ex-President Cleveland, ex-Secretary Whitney and other prominent Democrats in New York, and asked their aid in carrying the state, which he said would be lost to the Democracy unless they had money at once. The New York politicians told Senator Barbour that they had a campaign of their own on hand next month that would require all the means at their command.

"It is stated here that Chairman Barbour has given up all hope of carrying the state, and has so announced to several of his friends.

"The drift of popular feeling on the result of the Virginia election is shown by the fact that three bets were made in the Riggs house last night of $1,000 to $800 that Mahone would carry the state."

Federal Control of Elections.

There are daily evidences cropping out in Washington of the fear with which the Southern heart is filled at the prospect of the passage by Congress of a federal election law. Senator Reagan, of Texas, declares that if such a law is passed it will change the character of the government. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection that the Supreme court would declare unconstitutional a federal election law like that proposed by Senator Sherman.

Senator Reagan fears that the Blair educational bill will be passed, which he predicts will likewise damage the republic.

He declares, however, in favor of the passage of a bill providing for the unlimited coinage of silver and issuance of coin certificates to replace the treasury notes.

The Speakership.

The lines of battle in the speakership contest are forming again, and the engagement will soon be very lively all over the field. Cannon's friends say, that as things now stand, their man has 45 votes he can count on. They allow Reed 72 votes; McKinley, 23; Burrows, 20; and Henderson, the Iowa delegation.

The Negro Recognized.

Acting Secretary of the Treasury Batcheller has appointed Milton M. Holland, of Washington, to be chief of a division in the second auditor's office. Mr. Holland is a well-known colored lawyer.

THE CRONIN CASE.

THE OPENING DAY.

The State's Attorney Presents His Side of the Case.

A complete jury in the Cronin case was secured on Oct. 23, and the trial commenced the next day.

Long before the hour for the convening of the court in the Cronin trial at Chicago on October 24, hundreds of spectators were clamoring for admittance, and it required a small army of bailiffs to keep at bay the eager ones who demanded to be passed in. Promptly at 10 o'clock the two hundred spectators assembled in Judge McConnell's court were rapped to order, and as the defendants filed in and the attorneys took their seats, the clerk called the roll of jurors. Every man responded to his name, and the Cronin trial formally began.

States Attorney Longenecker at once began his opening address to the jury.

He reviewed briefly the long continued sifting of veniremen which had resulted in the selection of the twelve before him. He then defined the duties of jurymen; defined the meaning of a presumption of innocence as applied in the trial of persons charged with crime, telling the jury that a presumption of innocence was not a matter to be weighed against evidence.

The speaker than spoke of the disappearance of Dr. Cronin, and the finding of his body eighteen days afterward, and said that the state proposed to prove it a murder, as the result of a conspiracy. He said:

The State's Case.

"These men are charged with having murdered Dr. Cronin. The evidence we shall introduce will be to show a conspiracy to murder Dr. Cronin.

"The evidence that we shall introduce will be that the conspiracy which was formed and carried into execution, terminating in the killing of Cronin, all the conspirators are liable for murder, and the punishment for conspiracy ends in the punishment for murder. That is the position we take in the case.

"Now, as I say, on the night of the 4th of May, at 7:30 o'clock, nothing was seen or heard of Dr. Cronin, except as we shall prove that the same hidden hand that worked and moved this conspiracy, that concocted this scheme, was again working in this community to lead the people to believe that Dr. Cronin was still alive.

"That same hidden haud, that same mysterious work upon which the conspiracy rests in this case, was at work trying to make the people of this community believe that Dr. Cronin was not murdered, but was still alive.

"Not content with having beat out his life; not content with having laid him to rest in a sewer the same conspirators that brought it about, were again at work for the purpose of blasting the character and reputation of the man they had murdered. And until the 22d day of May the people all over this city and country had doubts as to whether the poor man was even killed."

The state's attorney then proceeded to speak of the motive for the crime and said that in order to show what that motive was, it became necessary to examine into the history in this country of the organization known as the United Brotherhood, commonly called the "Clan-Na-Gael."

Before doing this, he reminded the jury that they were not trying the Clad-Na-Gael, but the prisoners at the bar.

Mr. Longenecker then proceeded to sketch the history of the Clan-na-Gael in this country, saying that it was made up of patriotic Irishmen, who went into it for political effect, and Irishmen who went into it for the money there was in it, and that its object was to free Ireland by force of arms as soon as a favorable opportunity should offer.

Obeying the Triangle.

The state's attorney then spoke of the adoption of the triangle as the symbol of the executive board. The membership did not know who constituted the triangle, so secret was it; but, nevertheless, they obeyed its orders and were sent on various special missions in England and in the way of active work, and under assumed names.

Nothwithstanding this secrecy, these men were betrayed by the board to the English authorities, and twenty of them, he said, are now in prison. This was, he declares, to enable the board to steal the funds, and when, at last, a showing was made, the board claimed that the order owed them $13,000, when there was $250,000 in the treasury at the time they took charge.

Cronin in the Order.

At this point the state's attorney introduced Dr. Cronin in connection with the order, and proceeded to sketch the history of his fight against the triangle; told of Cronin's expulsion; the subsequent union convention; the trial of Sullivan, Feeley and Boland by a secret committee, of which Dr. Cronin was a member, in Buffalo last August.

"The committee was there in session for days and days," said Mr. Longenecker, "hearing evidence. That evidence, as we have it, will be introduced here. Dr. Cronin took the evidence fully, and witnesses and facts were produced to show what they had done in the old country; what had been done across the water under the direction of this triangle—all their active work was shown.

"That was all being investigated there, and the committee had not made its report, but Dr. Cronin had taken full notes of the trial committee. He had taken down what each witness had said about certain things."

The state's attorney went on to say that Dr. Cronin insisted that all of the evidence be sent out to all the camps; but up to the time of Dr. Cronin's death, the report had not been sent out.

It would have shown that they had not only violated the laws of the order and of this country; but also those of England, and had robbed the order of its funds and the men of their liberties.

Only a day or two after Dr. Cronin's death, however, the report of the trial was sent out. Dr. Cronin's part of it, however, was rejected, and that part of it which accused Cronin of being a traitor was sent.

Alexander Sullivan's Hand.

He claimed that they would show that all this denunciation of Dr. Cronin was sent out over Alexander Sullivan's signature, and that it was sent out after Dr. Cronin had disappeared, and in the belief that his body would never be found.

It was not a sufficient blow to make way with Dr. Cronin, but the same unseen hand that regulated this conspiracy from its inception had to make it appear also that Cronin was a traitor.

"For if Dr. Cronin had published his evidence against the triangle, as he was about to do, it meant the ruin of the triangle with the Irish people, and to have it published to all their camps, was to convict these men of embezzling these funds that had been accumulating for years.

"It would not only have proved them traitors to the law of two countries, but traitors to the cause in which these people had enlisted; and instead of doing that, which was to benefit poor old Ireland, it would brand them the worst men on the earth among the Irish people. That was the object."

The state's attorney then went on to show how Coughlin had begun denouncing Cronin as a spy way back in February; how Beggs, at a certain meeting of Camp 20, had said that Dr. Cronin's denunciation of Sullivan and the triangle had to be stopped "If it took blood."

Forging the Chain of Evidence.

Finally after several week's delay, Beggs, as guardian of Camp 20, announced that the charges against the triangle would have to be investigated. The next day the flat at 117 Clark street was rented; the trunk and furniture, which was afterward moved to the Carlson cottage, bought and the preparations began for the murder. The state's attorney then went over the whole story of the conception and execution of this plot, which has so often been told.

On the 25th, the prosecution continued the presentation of witnesses whose om testimony was as to the identification of the body found in the catch basin as that of Dr. Cronin.

The witnesses called for the purpose of identifying the body were: Nicholas Wallenborn, wine and liquor merchant, and a friend of the dead doctor; T. T. Conkling, the man in whose family Cronin had lived for ten or twelve years; John F. Scanlan, a member of the Clan-Na-Gael, and an intimate friend and partisan of Dr. Cronin; Frank Scanlan, brother of John F., and David P. Ahern, merchant tailor, who made the doctor's clothes.

The identification was very perfect and very positive. It embraced the height, size and general appearance of the dead man; the shape of his goatee, the conformation of his face, particularly his forehead; the shape and color of his flesh; the shape of a once broken finger, and the heavy growth of hair on the doctor's wrists.

The next matter taken up was the finding of the body in the catch basin. The two sewer cleaners who discovered the body and notified the police of the fact, and the policemen who were sent and assisted in removing the body were sworn as to this point and described proceeding.

The first witness on October 26 was County Physician Todd. He testified that only Dr. Egbert, his assistant, and himself had the combination to the vault in which the plate with the false teeth taken from Dr. Cronin's mouth was kept. He, Dr. Todd had not entered the vault since Dr. Cronin's death. Dr. D. G. Moore, who was present at the autopsy, was called and described the wounds and the marks of identification of the body.

Dinan's Testimony.

The next witness was Patrick Dinan, the livery-stable keeper. He testified to the facts in regard to the hiring of a horse and buggy from him by Dan Coughlin, one of the prisoners, on the day that Dr. Cronin was murdered, substantially as they have heretofore been published. The witness said that Coughlin told him he wanted the horse for a friend. This is the buggy and white horse which carried Dr. Cronin to the Carlson cottage, where he was murdered.

Dinan continued by saying that a stranger came at about 7 that evening and asked for the horse which Coughlin had hired for him. He was given the white horse. The stranger objected, and asked for another, but the witness refused to give him another, then the stranger wanted the side curtains of the buggy put on; but Dinan told him it was dark and that nobody could recognize him if he wished to be disguised. The stranger grumbled a little, but got into the buggy and drove north, or in the direction of Conkling's house, where Dr. Cronin lived. The stranger wore a light colored, or faded, overcoat and a small, soft, round hat, the latter turned down over his eyes.

Monday's Proceedings.

At the opening of the Cronin trial on the 28th the state called for Mr. Cronin, brother of Dr. Cronin, but that gentleman was not in the room at that time, and Napier Moreland, an employe of Patrick Dinan, the liveryman, was called instead. He testified to the facts of the hiring of the white horse on the evening of the 4th of May, when Dr. Cronin was killed.

His evidence did not differ materially from that given by Dinan himself, on Saturday, either as to taking out of the horse or his description of the man. A new point was reached, however, when he described the condition of the horse when returned to the stable about half-past nine o'clock that night after having been out a little over two hours. The witness said:

He was in the condition of a horse that had been run very fast for the length of time he was out; he was sweating all over and had the appearance of having been driven fast for the time he was out; his nostrils were blowing at the time he came in; the buggy was covered with sand and bou evard mud.

Mrs. Conklin.

Mrs. Conklin, at whose house Dr. Cronin last lived, was the next witness. After numerous questions as to the location of the rooms in the flat, Mrs. Conklin proceeded to tell the story of how the doctor was called away from her house on the night of May 4.

She said that at 7:20 p. m. a stranger, who seemed nervous and excited, rang the doorbell and when she opened the door inquired for Dr. Cronin. He seemed very reluctant to enter, but finally did so when told the doctor was engaged with other patients.

The stranger then took a seat in the waiting room. When Dr. Cronin came out of his office the man advanced and said, Dr. Cronin, you are wanted to attend a man who has been hurt at O'Sullivan's ice office." The doctor made a remark which I did not hear.

At that moment the man drew a card from his pocket and presented it to the doctor.

Dr. Cronin took the card and said: "Oh, yes; what is the nature of the accident?" The stranger said: "A man has been run over by a wagon.

The doctor said, "I will be with you soon," or something to that effect. The man sat down again on the edge of a chair, and the doctor turned, laying the card on the mantel-piece.

The man said O'Sullivan was out of town and left word that Dr. Cronin was to attend his men.

Dr. Cronin ran to his private room and gathered together some bandages and cotton batting. He brought it out with his surgical case, and a case of splints. Then drawing on his coat as quickly as possible, he left, running out, carrying these things and the case in his arms.

The two went hurriedly out of the house as fast as they could, and did not even shut the door. I heard them running down the stairs.

The witness continued her testimony, saying that she then went to a window overlooking the street and saw a buggy with a white horse attached, standing before the door.

Dr. Cronin and the man who called for him got into the buggy which was then driven northward. The man seemed anxious to get away.

Mrs. Conkling then went on to give a description of the man who came for the doctor.

The witness then told the story of the proceedings of the day following Dr. Cronin's disappearance. In the morning she and her husband discovered the card which the man had brought—that of O'Sullivan, the ice man.

Mr. Conkling went to O'Sullivan's place at once, and that afternoon a Pinkerton detective brought O'Sullivan down to the Conkling's flat. Mrs Conkling then related her conversation with O'Sullivan.

She told him in substance that she thought it very strange that a man who employed only three men, and who had never had an accident, should employ a physician to be ready on call in case of such happening; furthermore, it was strange that he shoul pass by hundreds of competent physicians who live near by and go seven miles to arrange with Dr. Cronin, and it was strangest of all that very soon thereafter a man should appear with his (O'Sullivan's) card and take the doctor away presumably to his death.

Mrs. Dinan.

At the opening of Judge McConnell's court, October 28, Mrs. Winnifred Dinan, wife of Patrick Dinan, the liverryman who owns the famous white horse, took the stand as a witness. She testified to the facts about the horse being taken and driven north on the night of May 4, and his return at half-past 9 o'clock, steaming with perspiration as if he had been hard driven.

FOREIGN.

English Merchants Growing Weary of Paying Extortionate Rates.

The agitation among the traders and manufacturers of England for relief from the extortionate freight tariffs imposed by the railroads, promises now, after many months of fruitless effort, to bring the wealthy railway corporations to terms.

Meetings have been held in every large city in England, in which the most prominent citizens took part, and resolutions have been passed without number, loudly protesting against the high-handed treatment accorded shippers, but to all this the railway managers turned a deaf ear.

So long as the victim of their extortionate tariffs and unjust discriminations maintained a respect for the "vested rights" of the companies, and religiously refrained from demanding parliamentary interference in their behalf, the railway managers only laughed at the protests and the resolutions.

The meetings at Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield and Liverpool during the past ten days have, however, caused more concern in railway circles. They did not confine themselves to empty protests, but determined upon prompt and vigorous action to bring the managers to their senses.

Steps were taken to form a "traders' and manufacturers' league," whose purpose should be to obtain from the sitting members of parliament for each constituency a distinct pledge to advocate and vote for parliamentary supervision over freight charges of railways, and, in case of refusal, to give such pledge on the part of any member, to throw the whole weight and influence of the organization against his re-election, regardless of party affiliations.

GLADSTONE'S ADDRESS.

The Grand Old Man Is As Full of Life As Ever.

Mr. Gladstone delivered an address at Southport on October 23. He was enthusiastically welcomed, the hall being crowded two hours before the opening of the meeting. Mr. Gladstone reviewed the work of the Liberal party during the past twenty-one years. He paid a tribute to the laudable anxiety of the powers to postpone a European crisis.

He referred to the Cretan question as a formidable menace to the peace of Europe. He dwelt at length upon the government's work, and claimed that all its useful measures were Liberal. The speech was short and somewhat disappointing. Mr. Gladstone made a point by declaring that the principles of the dock strikers applied to tenants and tradesmen in Ireland.

He was touched by the election gains, and believed that if they could end the septennial act and appeal to the people to-morrow the verdict would be in favor of the Liberals and justice to Ireland.

The bulk of the speech was devoted to Irish grievances. He said that the necessity of the continued proclaiming of new districts was evidence of the failure of the coercion policy, and declared that the crime in Ireland was the same as in 1884, when in order to secure the support of the Parnellites the Tories declared that coercion was no longer necessary.

Mr. Gladstone said he was unable to lay before his hearers the scheme of liberal policy for the future beyond the outlines already well known.

ENGLAND'S NEEDS.

Over 18,000,000 Quarters of Wheat Will Have to be Imported.

Sir John Lawes, who was made a baronet seven years ago in recognition of his great services since 1843 at the experimental farm at Rothamsted, Essex, and who is the foremost authority in England on crops, says in his annual estimate, that England will require to import the current year 18,400,000 quarters of wheat.

This is 10,700,000 bushels more than the *Times'* estimate, made in August, and the *Times* accepts Lawes figures as accurate. This is important because heretofore the *Times'* estimate has been accepted as a basis for dealing.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Efforts Made to Keep His Real Condition From the Public.

The London correspondent of the New York *Times* cabled as follows on October 20: "It was learned to-night that word was sent around to the London dailies yesterday, asking them not to print any reports their correspondents at Athens may wire about the Prince of Wales's health. The papers here all obeyed the suggestion. A medical report received here to-day, says the effects of Bright's disease are beginning to be obvious, and the result of his voyage to Egypt will be watched with deep anxiety.

A Subterranean River.

The subterranean river recently discovered in France in the Miers district of the department of Lot has now been traced a distance of seven miles to a point beyond which the three daring explorers who undertook the task did not dare to venture, as the river there takes an abrupt plunge into the wells of the earth to a depth impossible to fathom.

It took three days and nights to accomplish this journey of seven miles and return, the greater portion being done in a folding boat made of sail cloth. Miers is in the heart of a wild and mountainous country, in the deepest recesses of which caves and grottoes are found.

The subterranean river was first discovered a month ago at the bottom of an abyss known as the pit of Paderac and was then traced a distance of two miles.

The whole seven miles so far explored are in utter darkness, except at the point where the river was discovered. It abounds in cascades and passes through a succession of grottoes sparkling with stalactites. Preparations are being made for further explorations.

Hyppolite Inaugurated.

The steamship Prince Willem I, which arrived at New York on Oct. 26, brought advices from Port au Prince to October 19. Gen. Hyppolite was inaugurated president on the 16th inst. with great pomp. He reviewed his victorious army immediately after the ceremony. Great enthusiasm prevailed among the people. It is rumored that Minister Preston is to be removed at an early date. All was quiet at Port au Prince when the steamer sailed.

The Natives on the Samoan Islands at War Once More.

Advices received at Sydney, N. S. W., from Apia, under date of the 15th instant, state that a battle is reported to have taken place on the Island of Savaii, between the forces of Malietoa and Tamasese. Three hundred men were engaged on each side. Several were killed and a number wounded. Which party won the victory is not known.

Dominion Parliament.

It is now understood that the Dominion parliament will meet January 16. The fight over the Jesuit bill, the disturbed relations between Canada and the United States and the possibility of extending commercial relations with the neighboring republics will occupy much time of the session.

Royal Wedding.

The marriage of Princess Sophie, of Prussia, and the Duke of Sparta, crown prince of Greece, was solemnized Sunday, Oct. 27.

GENERAL NEWS.

FAVOR FEDERATION.

An Important Labor Meeting Held in Denver.

One of the most important meetings of a labor organization held in this country for some time, was held in Denver on October 27. Nearly 130 delegates of the International Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, representing every section of the United States, met in secret session to consider the question of a proposed federation of labor, now agitating the brotherhood of locomotive engineers.

John J. Hannahan, vice-grand master, whose headquarters are in Chicago, was present and presided over the deliberations. The entire afternoon was spent in discussing the proposition now before the engineers' convention. The only questions upon which the firemen differed were those of detail.

It was soon evident that the firemen were in favor of federation, the various trades unions retaining their autonomy and the right of self-government; in other words, the individual labor organizations will, under the proposed plan, occupy the same relation to the whole body of organized labor that the respective states bear to the federal union.

The matter was thoroughly explained by Hannahan and other advocates, after which the convention voted unanimously in favor of federation, and appointed a committee to notify the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers of the result which can but have its influence in deciding the question when it comes before the engineers for final action. The delegates will await the action of the engineers, and it may be that another session will be necessary before a thorough understanding is reached.

Another question came before the meeting. It arose from a clause in the engineers' constitution that prescribes that firemen must withdraw from their order before joining the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers after they have been promoted. They will ask that it be changed on account of the hardship it works in compelling them to lose all money for insurance.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Michigan Farmers Propose a Plan for Protection.

Not less that 75,000 Michigan farmers have joined the Patrons of Husbandry since last May, and the number is increasing every week. They threaten to become the controlling power in the politics of the state and then to spread over the entire country.

The patrons claim to have been forced into being by the monopolies and trusts, and they propose to organize a combination that will strike terror to the hearts of their enemies. At present the patrons are devoting themselves exclusively to the merchants, and in every town where they have a foothold they enter into an ironclad contract with one dealer in each line of trade to purchase only from him, exacting a pledge that they shall not be charged to exceed 12 per cent advance on wholesale prices.

The patrons have lodges in 47 counties of Michigan, Kent leading with a membership of more than 5,000. The general offices are located in this city, and Rev. F. W. Verbucan, an old-time Presbyterian preacher, is the supreme president. In February a state convention will be held at Flint. The year following there will be a gathering from all over the country at Lansing. There are no rich men among the patrons, but many prosperous farmers and a few unsuccessful politicians.

GLASS WILL GO UP.

An Advance Expected of Five Per Cent.

The selling price of glass is to be advanced by the Window Glass Manufacturers' association. At the next meeting a resolution authorizing a five per cent advance will be introduced and acted upon by the association.

The demand for first-class window glass is very brisk and the supply is limited. It is now selling at 80 and 5 per cent off, single strength; 80 and 10 per cent off, double —a carload to be 24,000 pounds.

The importation of glass has greatly increased, owing, it is said, to the failure of the Tank furnaces of Europe. The consumption of American glass has increased correspondingly and created this great demand for glass.

A Chicago Man Makes Money Off the People Who Advertise for Wives.

Cleveland G. Arnold, of Chicago, has been arrested by a postoffice inspector for a novel method of swindling. Arnold's scheme was simple, but effective. He would watch the columns of the various marriage journals, and when he saw an advertisement that suited him would write to the advertiser.

His victims were always women, while Arnold assumed the role of an innocent and gentle girl, desirous of finding a husband. Inclosing a portrait of a handsome woman, Arnold was sure to receive a reply. A correspondence would then be opened, and in a very short time Arnold would receive a sum of money from his distant admirer, sent for the purpose of defraying the railroad expenses of the young girl in her trip to her admirer's home.

The girl, of couse, never arrived, and the would-be husband soon discovered that he had been swindled. Complaints have been pouring into the postoffice authorities for some months, but it was only a few days ago that Arnold was located. The young man has been in Chicago for about two years, and during most of the time was in charge of a soda water fountain at a prominent drug store.

A Minneapolis Man Who Would Like to Help Spend $175,000,000.

George W. Cooley, formerly city engineer, of Minneapolis, has designed a structure which he proposes shall be erected on the grounds of the world's fair. The colossal proportions of the structure would make the Eiffel tower turn green with envy. The design contemplates a pyramid of granite, each side of whose base is to be 1,320 feet long, and whose summit will be 100 feet square and 1,000 feet above the ground.

At the extreme top will be placed a Goddess of Liberty, 200 feet high, making the total height 1,200 feet. At each corner is to be a tower 100 feet high, surmounted by statues of Columbus, Washington, the President, and some other prominent man in the nation's history. Mr. Cooley believes the scheme can be carried through in two years, and will lay his plans before the coming meeting of the national association of engineers, to ascertain its feasibility. He estimates the cost of such a structure at about $175,000,000.

Recent Deaths.

On October 21, in New York city, B. T. Babbitt, the millionaire soap manufacturer, aged 80; in Blairstown, N. J., Isaac Wildrick, ex-congressman, aged 86; in Salsbury, N. Y., on October 22, Lyman Davis, the oldest man in the state, aged 114; on Oct. 24, in Sparkill, N. Y., Prof. John G. Beil, the ornithologist and taxidermist, aged 77; among the week's foreign dead are John Bail, F. R. S.; the Earl of Orkney and Dr. Philippe Ricard, the celebrated French surgeon, aged 89.

Adelina Patti Comes Out With Straw Colored Hair.

Adelina Patti surprised the public by appearing at an Albert Hall concert, London, in what was taken to be a yellow wig. It has since been found that she had become weary of being a brunette, and so dyed her hair a brilliant straw color. The effect is the most curious transformation one can easily imagine.

Not Successful.

The commissioners arrived at Quawpaw Valley, I. T., from the Sac and Fox agency, on Oct. 23. Their negotiations with the Indians were not favorable. The Indians listened to the commissioners' tempting offer in sullen silence. There seems to be no disposition among them to sell.

Anti-Mahone.

The Independent Republicans of Virginia have nominated an anti-Mahone state ticket as follows: Governor, John F. Lewis, of Rockingham; lieutenant-governor, Park Agnew, of Alexandria; attorney-general, C. A. Heermans, of Montgomery.

New Glass Works.

It is stated that a company composed of Belgian glass manufacturers propose to erect a large plate glass plant near Pittsburg, in order to hold their American trade in the United States. It is said the works will be larger than any on this side of the ocean.

Mrs. Charles Crocker Dead.

Mrs. Charles Crocker, wife of the late Charles Crocker, of the Southern Pacific railroad, died suddenly at San Francisco, on Oct. 27, of apoplexy.

WORK WITH THE INDIANS.

The Cherokee Commission's Talk With the Kickapoos.

The Cherokee commission on Oct. 24, arrived at Oklahoma from Kickapoo Village. At the Kickapoo negotiations about 40 of the principal men of the tribe were present. Gen. Fairchild's speech was about the same as that at Iowa Village. The Kickapoos should at once allot each Indian a portion of the reservation before the white men came, if the Indians desired it, the great father could find them a home elsewhere.

The Indians repeated the old story of former negotiations and of the white man's natural propensity for stealing Indian lands, etc. The conclusion of opinion was against allotment in severalty. The commissioners will soon return to the Kickapoos, and they are perfectly confident they will come to terms. The Iowas are not allotting their lands in severalty, although they strenuously oppose the commissioners' proposition.

The Kickapoos have heard of the proposition to settle them upon Cherokee lands, and their interpreter said that they would be willing to go and hold lands there in common. Near Kickapoo village the commissioners met W. H. Melton. He said that the sentiment in the Cherokee Nation was now strongly for selling the strip for $1.25 per acre, rather than be compelled to take 47½ cents.

The commissioners are well pleased with the outlook. Gen. Fairchild said to Secretary Horace Speed: "I sincerely hope the report is true. It will really be the best thing for them to do."

A movement is on foot in the principal towns of Oklahoma to petition the Cherokee commission to recommend the removal of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, Iowas, Kickapoos, Sacks and Foxes, Pottawatamies and Shawnees upon lands of the Cherokee nation proper, and to open up their reservations as well as the Cherokee strip.

TO KILL BOB FORD.

Attempt on the Life of the Man Who Assassinated Jesse James.

Bob Ford, well known as the man who killed Jesse James, the Missouri bandit, at St. Joseph several years ago, had a close call for his life at Walsenburg, Colorado, on October 24. In company with a man named Kehrs he has for some time been running a saloon and dance hall there.

Ford was behind the bar when Ernest Kurry, a cowboy who is known to have "killed his man," entered. Kurry was drunk and in an ugly mood. Walking straight up to the bar he said: "Look out, Bob, I'm going to kill you," at the same time pulling his gun and firing.

Ford is continually on his guard against just such attacks, a number of which have been made on him since he killed Jesse James. He at once dashed behind the bar and seized his revolver, with which he turned loose. His first shot hit the cowboy in the shoulder and Kurry fell to the floor, but managed to discharge two more shots at Ford.

The latter kept on firing until his revolver was empty, two of his bullets taking effect in the prostrate man's body—one in the hip and the other in the side. He was about to empty another gun into Kurry, but some of those present disuaded him and the wounded man was taken away. He may recover.

SINGULAR DUEL.

Men Who Submit to Having Their Fingers Cut Off.

The particulars of a singular duel recently fought in Taos county, New Mexico, have just come to light. An Indian and Juan Verega, a wealthy Mexican cattleman, repaired to a spot about six miles from the town of Taos just at the break of day to "settle" an old grudge.

The weapons were butcher knives, and by the method of fighting agreed upon each man was to submit his hand to his opponent and have one finger cut off, the cutting to be done alternately, and the man who first evinced signs of pain to be stabbed to the heart. The Indian by toss secured the first cut, and, deliberately taking the hand of his enemy, with a quick stroke severed his fore-finger.

The Mexican never uttered a sound. The Indian reached out his hand and off came his thumb. This continued in silence until the cattleman had lost four fingers and the Indian four also. When the Indian reached for his foe's left hand the latter's second, becoming alarmed at the fearful flow of blood, sent a bullet through the Indian's heart. The affair is the one of the most inhuman ever heard of in any land, and all parties to it will be prosecuted. It is thought the cattleman will die.

A Kansas Bank Forced to the Wall—Excited Depositors.

The Abilene, Kan., bank, owned by Mayor C. H. Lebold and Col. J. M. Fisher, suspended on Oct. 28, creating great excitement, as it has been considered the strongest financial institution in Central Kansas.

Deposits amount to $200,000, principally local. Re-discounts and individual loans swell the liabilities to $400,000. Firm claims to own $300,000 worth of real estate and notes, and say they will pay in full if given time to realize.

Depreciation which has followed the